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The Arrow



Title Poem

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

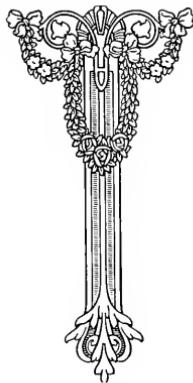
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."

THE ARROW

VOLUME I

Published by the Class *of* 1920



Woman's College *of* Due West

DUE WEST, S. C.

To
Our President
Rev. R. L. Robinson
D. D.

who by his deep interest, untiring labor, and keen alertness to the condition and needs of the hour has enabled our college through these difficult years to fulfill so adequately her mission to the church; and who has been truly our friend; this first volume of *The Arrow* is gratefully dedicated.





Panoramic View



The Campus

Foreward



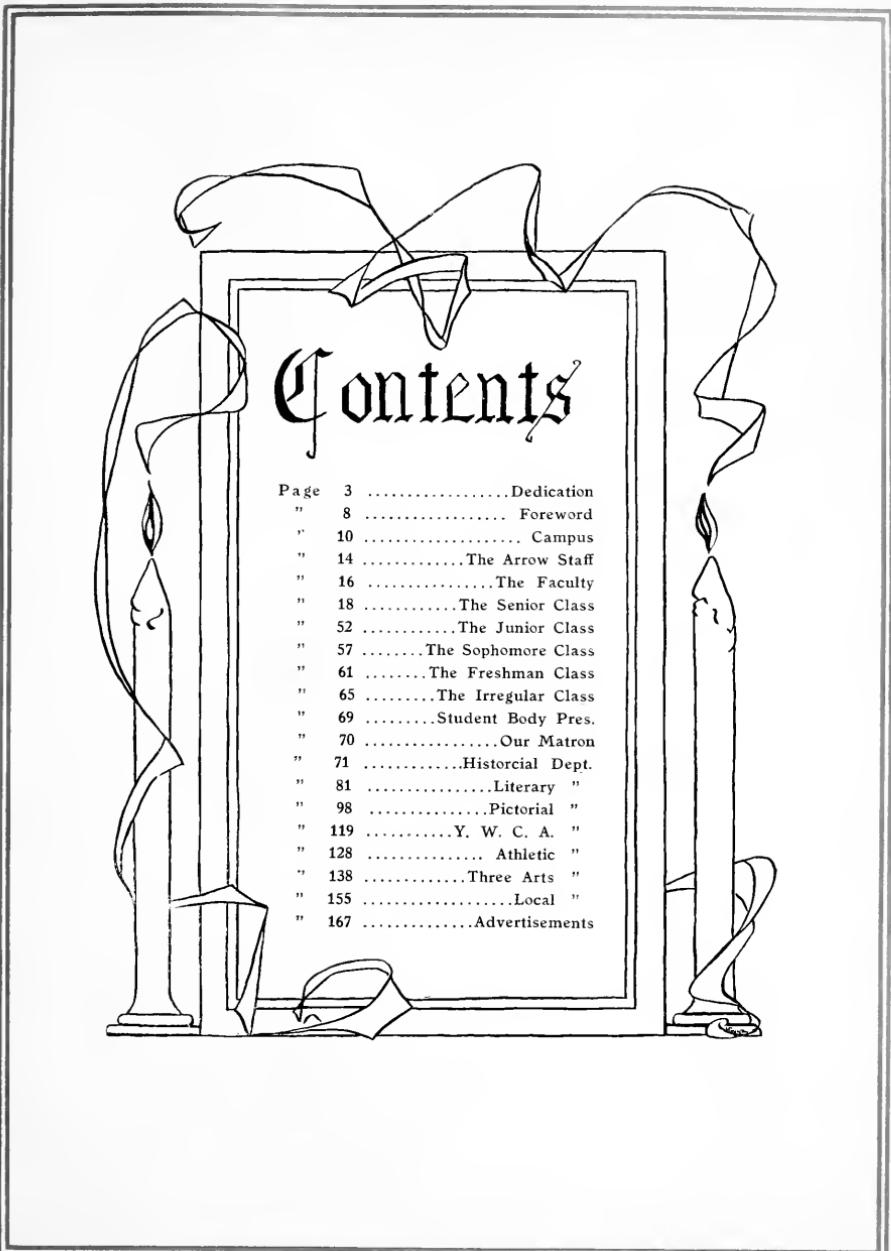
IKE the shepherds of old, and the wise men,
We follow the gleam of a star.
Swift as the rays of the morning
The beams shine out from afar.
A message of truth and of wisdom,
A thought cradled long in our hearts,
Into the night of our dreaming
The flash of an Arrow darts.

Long had our dreams been troubled
By longings, vague, unclear,
Long had we hoped and struggled
But the path was dark and drear.
As a gazer in a crystal
We had seen our world go by
With naught to keep in our memory
The passing pageantry.

Our halls are old with story
Of noble deeds and bright,
There's no blot on seal or charter
'Tis a record shining white.
But these deeds are flickering shadows,
Like the firelight on the wall,
Should we say to the myriads after—
You too are shadows, all?

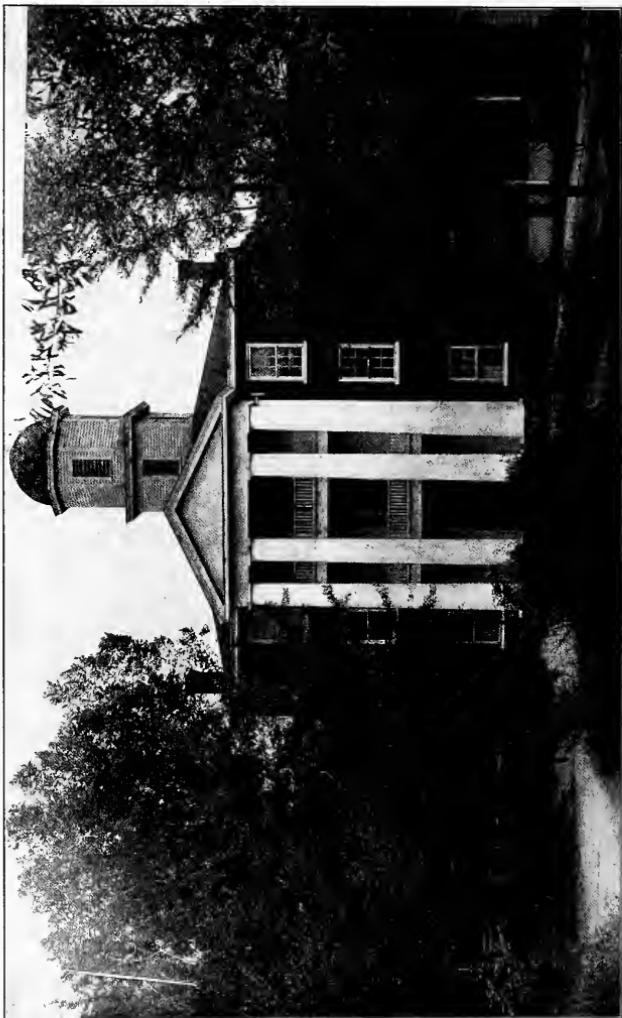
But love in her infinite wisdom
Will always point the way;
The darkness passed in a moment—
We saw the dawn of the day.
There's no shadow now in the crystal;
The gazer writes with a smile,
Secure in the thought that the shadows
Shall be real in the after-while.

The realms of truth and wisdom
Are limitless everywhere,
And an arrow now carries our message,
Wings its happy way thru the air
A fire-tipped, golden-winged arrow
Carries the song of our hearts—
May it bring to you joy and beauty
As into your life it darts.



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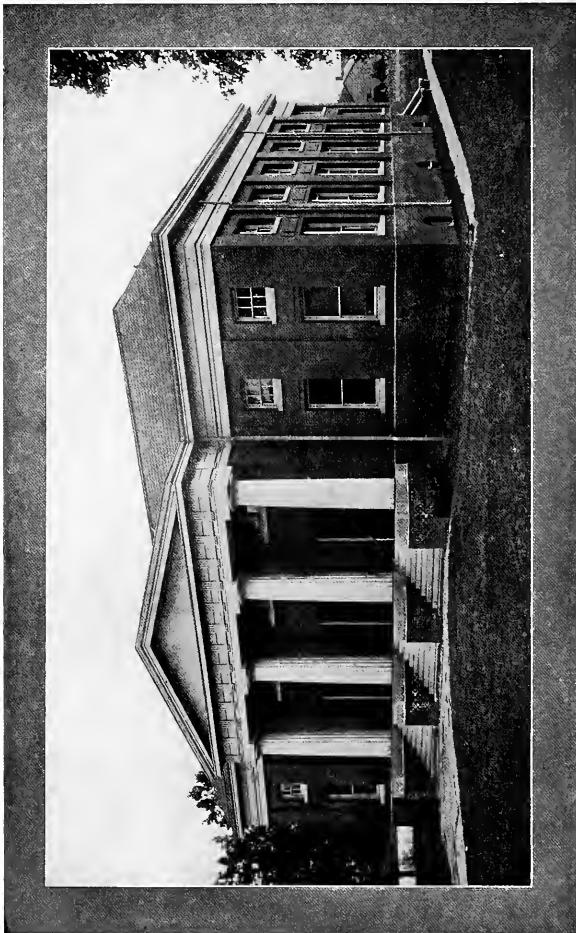
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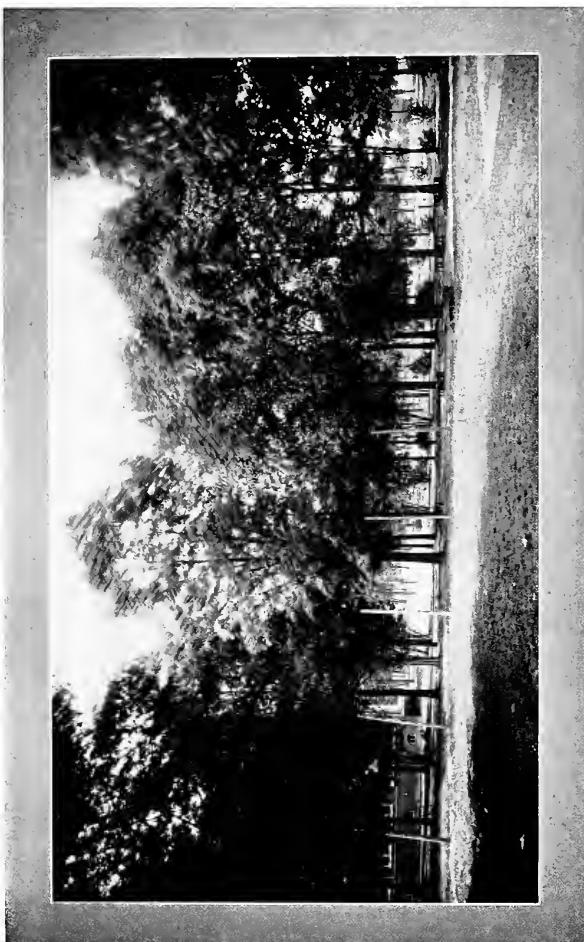
Carnegie Hall



Memorial Hall

1907
1908

Campus Scene



The Arrow Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Grace Sheffield
Business Manager	Ruth Boggs
Assistant Business Manager.....	Elizabeth Tribble
Advertising Manager	Lila Bonner
Assistant Advertising Manager.....	Virginia Reid
Historical Editor	Rose Burns
Literary Editor	Pearl Dale
Pictorial Editor	Virginia Galloway
Y. W. C. A. Editor	Wilmot Whitesides
Three Arts Editor	Mary Belle Hood
Local Editor	Laura Jane Mullen
Art Editor	Elizabeth Cathcart
Athletic Editor	Sarah Patrick



The Faculty

President REV. R. L. ROBINSON, D.D.
Dean MRS. R. L. ROBINSON

- MISS BESSIE BYRD
History, Education, Latin
- MISS LILLIAN CLINKSCALES
English
- MISS LOUISE AGNEW
Chemistry, Physics
- MISS FRANCES B. HILL
French, Spanish
- MISS JANIE SHEFFIELD
Mathematics
- MISS BESS L. STOODY
Home Economics, Botany
- MISS LOIS McDONALD
Sociology, Psychology
- MISS MARY CARTER SCOTT
Piano, Theory of Music
- MISS LOUISE BOYD
Piano, History of Music
- MISS BESS CROCKETT
Piano, Harmony of Music
- MISS HELEN KELSO
Voice
- MISS DOROTHY EDWARDS HAYES
Expression, Physical Education
- MISS CHRISTINE JAMESON
Art, Domestic Art
- MISS IVY BOYD
Sub-Collegiate Studies
- MISS LOIS GRIER
English, Mathematics
- MRS. O. Y. BONNER
Librarian







Miss Lillian Clinkscales, Sponsor

Class of 1920

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Elizabeth Tribble
Vice-President	Pearl Dale
Secretary	Wilmot Whitesides
Treasurer	Martha Pressly
Historian	Virginia Reid
Prophet	Margaret Dallas
Poet	Virginia Galloway
Reporter	Lila Bonner
Sponsor	Miss Lillian Clinkscales

Lila Bonner, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Ruth Boggs, A.B.....	Pendleton, S. C.
Rose Burns, A.B.....	Richburg, S. C.
Elizabeth Cathcart, A.B.....	Winnsboro, S. C.
Margaret Dallas, A.B.....	Donalds, S. C.
Pearl Dale, A.B.....	Fayetteville, Tenn.
Grace Donnald, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Virginia Galloway, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Laura Hill, A.B.....	Nashville, Tenn.
Mary Belle Hood, A.B.....	Matthews, N. C.
Sudie Milford, A.B.....	Hodges, S. C.
Laura Jane Mullen, A.B.....	Huntersville, N. C.
Sarah Patrick, A.B.....	Woodward, S. C.
Bessie Potts, A.B.....	Newnan, Ga.
Ruth Pratt, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Martha Pressly, A.B.....	Greenwood, S. C.
Virginia Reid, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Grace Sheffield, A.B.....	Fayetteville, Tenn.
Lillian Singleton, A.B.....	Westminster, S. C.
Lilla Templeton, A.B.....	Owings, S. C.
Elizabeth Tribble, A.B.....	Clinton, S. C.
Wilmot Whitesides, A.B.....	Gastonia, N. C.

SPECIALS

Ivy Boyd, A.B.....	Simpsonville, S. C.
Dora Elizabeth Pressly, Diploma in Musical Efficiency.....	Troy, Tenn.
Virginia Galloway, Certificate in Expression.....	Due West, S. C.
Virginia Reid, B. Mus.....	Due West, S. C.

ELIZABETH TRIBBLE, A.B.

Clinton, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"Let us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth and to the sacred professions of friendship."

We think we have in Elizabeth the missing link. We find in her innumerable qualities which the rest of us lack. That Elizabeth is a dependable sort of person is shown by the confidence placed in her when she was elected President of our Senior Class. She makes her decisions quickly and abides by them at all times. During her sojourn in college she has made a splendid record in all her work. To say that appearances are deceiving does not begin to express it! The majority of girls at W. C. believe Elizabeth to be a saint. Only her most intimate friends know her as she really is, and they know her to be anything but a saint. Perhaps she is a little dignified, but she loves a good time and is a jolly good companion. To tell the truth, a "good old Pal" is just the right name for her.



OFFICES HELD:

Member of Castalian Literary Society.
Secretary of Castalian Literary Society.
Junior Essayist in Castalian Celebration.
President of Senior Class '19.
President of Castalian Literary Society.
Member of Arrow Staff '19.



PEARL DALE, A.B.

Fayetteville, Tenn.

Entered College in 1917.

"Those about her, from her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

Pearl came to us from "sunny Tennessee," in the fall of '17. Before many months had passed we recognized in Pearl the qualities of a good, all-round college girl. Notwithstanding the fact that she has excelled in her studies, she has not specialized in class-room work alone, for her work in society has been equally good. Then, too, we can't forget the fact that when a soiree is given, we find Pearl there, and in her Senior year the class was surprised to find her a member of the class basketball team, reminding us again of the fact though slow, Pearl is sure. By her loyalty and "stickability," Pearl has won the admiration

of both students of both students and faculty, and we each wish well for this representative of Tennessee.

A.B. DEGREE

Ass't. Literary Editor of W. C. Journal '19.
Member of Y. W. C. A.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '19.
Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '20.
Member of Amelian Literary Society.
Vice-Pres. of Amelian Society '18.
Secretary of Amelian Society '19.
Soph. Essayist of Amelian Society celebration '18.
Jr. Essayist of Amelian Soiety celebration '19.
Pres. of Amelian Society '20.
Chief Marshal Commencement '19.
Pres. of Student Body '20.
Vice-Pres. of Senior Class '20.
Senior Basketball team '20.
Literary Editor of *"The Arrow"* '20.



MARTHA PRESSLY, A.B.

Greenwood, S. C.

Entered College in 1918.

*"Her song is only living aloud, Her work,
A singing with her hand."*

Boundless vitality, and a wholesome enjoyment of all that is good; rare good-nature, and a keen appreciation of the humorous, spell Martha Pressly. Work is to Martha glorified play, and dull moments take wings when she is near. Like Peter Pan Martha will never grow old. She is youth, and where youth is, there is joy.



A.B. DEGREE

Member of the Amelian Literary Society.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Vice-Pres. of Amelian Literary Society '19.

Secretary of Amelian Literary Society '20.

President of Amelian Literary Society '20.

Secretary of Soph. Class '19.

Treasurer of Senior Class '20.



MARY WILMOT WHITESIDES,
A.B.

Gastonia, N. C.

Entered College in 1917.

*"To remain in nature always sweet and simple
and humble, and therefore strong."*

We now introduce you to Wilmot, the dignified member of the class of 1920. But she is not always quite so dignified as she looks, for even Wilmot indulges in such frivolities as going up street on Friday afternoon just to buy chocolates, and gives much time and thought to her favorite colors, "Garnet" and White. However, Wilmot is known best for her thorough, conscientious, able work in the class room, literary society and Y. W. C. A. She has given much time to the study of expression, and the beautiful stories she tells, in a manner her very own, are always in demand. To see her is to note her simplicity, and to

know her is to feel her sincerity. Truly Wilmot's simplicity and quiet strength of character will be long remembered by those of us who have known her best at D. W. W. C.

A.B. DEGREE

Member of Y. W. C. A.
Member of Amelian Literary Society.
Sec. of Amelian Literary Society '18-'19.
Pres. of Amelian Literary Society '19-'20.
Sec. of Class '19-'20.
Vice-Pres. of Student Body '19-'20.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '19-'20.
Y. W. C. A. Editor of Annual '19-'20.



RUTH BOGGS, A.B.

Pendleton, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"Oh she stands high in all the people's hearts."

Ruth is a girl recognized through the whole college as a big-hearted Christian character, radiating good cheer and moral soundness. So far as any one knows she has not missed "Morning Watch" during her four years here as a student. The stand that she has taken in Y. W. C. A., in her class, in Society, on the Annual Staff, and in all phases of college activities, testifies that she is a prodigious worker. Freshmen look upon her as an old friend and come to her with their troubles. Ruth never spends her time in idleness on the campus for she is always too busy for that. Her friendliness with everyone has reaped an abundant harvest and we dare say there isn't a girl in school who has as many friends.



A.B. DEGREE

Member of the Y. W. C. A.

Member of the Amelian Literary Society.

Member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '17.

Vice-President of Y. W. C. A. '18, '19, '20.

Vice-President of Amelian Literary Society '18.

Treasurer of Amelian Literary Society '19.

President of Amelian Literary Society '20.

President of Amelian Literary Society
Celebration '20.

President of Junior Class '19.

Member of Senior Basketball Team '20.

President of Anderson County Club '20.

Vice-President of South Carolina Club '20.

Business Manager of "*The Arrow*" '20.





LILA MORSE BONNER, A.B.

Due West, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"One who never turned his back, but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph."*

Lila is truly a leader. Her ability, enthusiasm, determination and strong faith in God and man peculiarly fit her for this. For the Y. W. C. A. she has labored untiringly. For Castalia also she has been a loyal worker, and here as early as her Freshman year, she proved by winning the public debate, her skill and joy in argument. None of us has ever had a chance since then to doubt it. On the basketball field she fights for the game with the same determination. In spite of her many other interests she has not slighted her literary work, and has also given much time to the study of art. Lila is to be a Medical Missionary and with her strength of mind and character we know that she has much to give to this work.

A. B. Degree.
Member of Y. W. C. A.
Member of Castalian Society.
President of Class '17.
President of Class '18.
Secretary of Y. W. C. A. '19.
President of Y. W. C. A. '20.
Marshal at Commencement '18.
Treasurer of Castalian Society '19.
Freshman Debater '17.
Member of Freshman and Senior Basket Ball Teams.
Captain of Senior Basket Ball Team.
Member of Varsity Team '19.
Art Editor of Woman's College Journal.
Assistant Literary Editor of Journal.
Advertising Manager of Annual.



ROSE BURNS, A.B.

Richburg, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"It is not art but Heart which wins the wide world over."

The joyous, the sad, the homesick, the troubled, all come to Rose for sympathy and encouragement. In the Y. W. C. A., at the Soiree, in Society, in class room, on the basket-ball field, her enthusiasm never wanes. The light from her left hand sometimes causes her to wander into dreamland, but soon she is brought to earth again by the approach of a Freshman, or the call of a teacher. Rose is a good student, but she can not understand why any nice woman would care to teach Chemistry. In spite of this fact she is a true friend, a loyal member of her class, and an all-round college girl.



A. B. Degree.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Member of Castalian Society.

Member of Cabinet '17-'18.

Vice-Pres. of Class '16-'17.

Vice-Pres. of Society '17.

Secretary of Society '18.

Pres. of Y. W. C. A. '18-'19.

Vice-Pres. of Class '18-'19.

Member of Freshman Basket Ball Team.

Member of Senior Basket Ball Team.

Member of Varsity Team '16, '17, '18, '19.

Member of Cabinet '19-'20.

Pres. of Castalian Society '20.

Pres. of Athletic Association '19-'20.

Editor of Historical Department of the Annual '20.

Chief Marshal at Castalian Celebration '20.





ELIZABETH CATHCART, A.B.

Winnsboro, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"You'll always find her true and just,
A girl whom all will love and trust."*

"February brings the rain," but one February brought into the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Cathcart a beautiful ray of sunshine. "Lib" got "her start" from the schools of her native city, from which she entered this Christian Institution four years ago. Elizabeth is one of Amelia's loyal and active members, also one of her most popular musicians. Her ability to sing and play has delighted many audiences. She has a very fertile mind which is the source of many thoughts full of sense and wit. Because of her lovable disposition and many winning ways, she has made a host of friends. Although she can see no harm in

wickets, and sometimes "beats," we can't help predicting for her a great future, filled with success, which we feel sure "Lib" will naturally have.

A. B. Degree.

Member of Amelia Literary Society.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Vice-President of Amelian Society '18.

Sec. of Amelian Society '19.

Pres. of Amelian Society '20.

Secretary and Treasurer of Chorus Class '19.

President of Chorus Class '20.

Secretary and Treasurer of Student Body '20.

Art Editor of the Arrow '20.

Member of Glee Club '19-'20.



MARGARET DALLAS, A.B.

Donalds, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"There is no place like home."

Margaret is not a very loquacious member of our class, but if you observe her record you will find that she ponders more deeply than she speaks. Her class records are ones to be proud of, especially those in the languages. But invariably first in Margaret's mind are thoughts of home. She is a five-day student and no college attraction, not even a soiree, has ever been great enough to induce her to spend a week-end with us. Making wickets is no favorite pastime with Margaret, as she is always engaged in acquainting herself with the Old Masters. Her splendid work in college foreshadows even greater success for her in the literary world.



A. B. Degree.

Member of Amelian Literary Society.

Second Marshal Commencement '18.



GRACE EDNA DONNALD, A.B.

Due West, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me."

The college is indebted to the town of Due West for Grace. I might tell you of how accomplished she is, musically or otherwise, or I might recount her personal charms. But what's the use? Those of us who know her have found it out long ago, and those who have not met her have missed so much I can never tell the half of it. We are glad to have such a girl as Grace in our class.

A. B. Degree.

Member of Amelian Literary Society.

Senior Essayist of the Amelian Literary Societl cele-
bration '20.



VIRGINIA GALLOWAY, A.B.

Due West, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Shug" is a living evidence that there is much in life that cannot be learned from books. Her wit, good nature, and friendliness have won for her many companions. Her ability in voice and expression is a source of much pleasure to her friends. Due West and the college predict success for this member of the class of 1920.



A. B. Degree.

Member of Castalian Literary Society.

Member of Glee Club '19-'20.

Senior Class Poet.



LAURA HILL, A.B.

Nashville, Tenn.

Entered College in 1918.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

When you first meet Laura, the characteristics that impress you are her womanliness, courage, frankness and artistic sensitiveness that shine in her face and large bright eyes. She is one of the tenderest of girls, but her Scotch reticence keeps her from laying bare her heart in talk. Nevertheless at times her patriotic love for her native hills makes her speak of Tennessee with the chivalric enthusiasm of a mediaeval knight for his lady. In addition to her solidity of character, Laura has one of the keenest and most logical minds of the class.

A. B. Degree.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Member of Amelian Literary Society.

Chief Marshal of Amelian Society Celebration '20.



MARY BELLE HOOD, A.B.

Matthews, N. C.

Entered College in 1917.

"What ever the weather may be," says he,
"What ever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere."

Mary Belle, best known as "Dot," has sung her way straight into the hearts of us all. It's not just her voice, it's the smile she gives, it's the willingness she expresses, its the joy she gets from it, that makes us call on her so often. It's her trueness that makes us want her as a friend. It's her knack of always being at the right place—whether it's class room, morning watch or committee meeting—at the right time that makes her a valuable member of the class of 1920. And it's her enthusiasm, her promptness, her smiles and her songs that are sure to make success for her in the world outside of D. W. W. C.



A. B. Degree.

Member of the Y. W. C. A.
Member of Amelian Society.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '19-'20.
Editor of the Three Arts Department of Annual '20.
Member of Glee Club '19-'20.



SUDIE MILFORD, A.B.

Hodges, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"A merry heart, a charming smile,
Happy is she all the while."*

Dignified? Yes, apparently so. But look, I pray, into the dancing eyes of the raven-haired maiden and you will see mischief lurking there. On Saturday afternoon, when the week's work is over, Sudie turns her face towards Mecca—and her Mecca is Hodges, S. C. Four years ago, she journeyed to Due West, and with the rest of us entered the Freshman class of W. C. True to our expectations, Sudie has made good in her work, and we predict for her a happy, successful future.

A. B. Degree.
Member of Amelian Literary Society.
Senior Marshal of the Amelian
Literary Society Celebration '20.



LAURA JANE MULLEN, A.B.

Huntersville, N. C.

Entered College in 1917.

*"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,
And a hand to execute."*

Can one believe that the girl who performs every task with dignity and self-possession of a veteran, and who is as dependable as the "Rock of Gibraltar," is the "Baby" of the class of 1920? Although quiet and unassuming in manner, we can always be sure of Laura Jane's interest and helpfulness in the class room, as a loyal daughter of Amelia, in Y. W. C. A. and in every line of college work. Her happy smile and ever ready jollity are antidotes for many a troubled temper.



A. B. Degree,

Member of Amelian Society.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Local Editor of The Arrow.



SARAH PATRICK, A.B.

Woodward, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"Common sense is instinct, and enough of it
is genius."*

Sarah is a true type of an all-round college girl. During her four years in college, she has excelled in all forms of athletics, has taken an active interest in her society, in Y. W. C. A., and in all of the social activities of the college. Yet she has not let these things interfere with her work. While never a "grind," yet her name is always found near the head of the list in all of her classes. The number of offices that she has held and the numberless friends that she has made all testify to her popularity in the college circle. Jolly and carefree, loyal and true, lovely and lovable, is our "Pat."

Offices Held.

Member Castalian Literary Society.
Captain of Freshman Basket Ball Team.
Sec. and Treas. Athletic Association '18.
President Athletic Association '19.
Captain of Junior Basket Ball Team.
Captain of Varsity Basket Ball Team '19.
Sec. Castalian Literary Society.
President Castalian Literary Society.
Member of Arrow Staff.
President of Student Body.



BESSIE POTTS, A.B.
Newnan, Ga.

Entered College in 1918.

*"Potts' zeal and energy was shown
Throughout her college career,
And another we've not known
Of more wit or less fear."*

We remember the fall of 1918 for many interesting things, but for one thing especially. We note that Georgia made a contribution to S. C. by sending one of her best girls to D. W. W. C. At that time we knew her as "dignified Bessie," but now we know her as "Potts." Since her arrival in Due West she has spent many hours of hard and deep study, of which she seldom ever grows tired. Our departure from her would be unpleasant without the relieving assurance that her path is destined to success. We know that whether she leads the quiet home life or business life that she will always cling to the highest ideals. Success must be hers, since she has the grace to win, and heart to hold.



A. B. Degree.
Member of the Y. W. C. A.
Member of Amelian Literary Society.



RUTH PRATT, A.B.

Due West, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"She is a winsome wee thing
She is a handsome wee thing
She is a bonny wee thing."*

Due West is fostering a typical southern girl in the person of Ruth Pratt. Sometimes she is dreaming dreams in the southern twilight, at other times with the spirit of a Confederate soldier, she is waging war for woman's suffrage. Oftentimes with her attractive personality she is making merry her friends, especially those of the opposite sex; yet in spite of her friendship with the young men, she is cultivating the acquaintance of the old masters. If we know her only in classroom, we might predict for her the professorship of history in some college, yet with the eyes of an old sibyl we see her presiding over a dinner party in her own little home.

A. B. Degree.
Member of Amelian Literary Society.



VIRGINIA E. REID, A.B., B.M.

Due West, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face."*

For four years Virginia has been one of the class of 1920, and her loyalty to its principles, her zeal in maintaining its standards, and her devotion to our Alma Mater have won our respect and love. Virginia's record in classwork has been one of the highest throughout her four years with us. As a Society member she is most active, and her rare ability in argumentation wins many debates for her side. In conversation she is quite versatile and entertaining. She is an accomplished singer and a praiseworthy student; a true friend and a well-loved classmate.



B.M., A.B. Degrees.

Member of Castalian Literary Society.
Vice-Pres. of Castalian Society '17-'18.
Treas. of 1920 Class in '17-'18.
Treas. of Chorus Class in '17-'18.
Winner of McBride Voice Medal '17-'18.
Secretary of Castalian Society '18-'19.
President of Castalian Society '19-'20.
Alumnus Editor of Journal '18-'19.
Assistant Advertising Manager of *The Arrow*.
Member of Glee Club '19-'20.



LILLIAN L. SINGLETON, A.B.

Westminster, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
home."*

"With eyes that drooped like summer flowers," four years ago "Lil" timidly made her entrance into College life, like a shy doe that steps from the sheltering forest into the open. Her timidity kept her not from making friends, for who is it that does not love the shyest flowers best? Many a dark hour has she brightened and many a burden lightened by her bright smiles and cheery words. Her ideals are among the highest and by association with her one is taught to lift oneself higher and see things brighter than earthly darkness. She has worked steadily, played occasionally, and enjoyed life always. We know that

success and happiness will be hers forever, for "In her face we see the map of honor, truth and loyalty."

A. B. Degree.

Member of Castalian Literary Society.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Vice-President of Castalian Literary Society '17.

Secretary of Castalian Literary Society '18.

Secretary & Treasurer of South Carolina Club '20.

Marshal at Castalian Celebration '20.



GRACE M. SHEFFIELD, A.B.

Fayetteville, Tenn.

Entered College in 1917.

"Consider, I'm a peer of the realm and I will die if I don't talk."

Grace does talk, but a good talker implies a good audience. Her opinions are good and are generally accepted. No better compliment can be paid Grace than to say that she is one of the best all-round members of the Senior class, as is shown by her splendid record in the class-room, her work in the Literary Society, the Y. W. C. A., the Glee Club, and on the athletic field. The fact that she was made Editor-in-Chief of D. W. W. C.'s first annual proves her ability and our confidence in her.



A. B. Degree.

Member of Y. W. C. A.

Member of the Amelian Literary Society.

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '18, '19, '20.

Sophomore Marshal of Amelian Celebration '18.

Secretary of Amelian Society '19.

President of Amelian Society '20.

Treasurer of Junior Class '19.

Treasurer of Athletic Association '18-'19.

Member Varsity Basket Ball Team '18-'19, '19-'20.

Member of Junior Basket Ball Team '19.

Member of Senior Basket Ball Team '20.

Glee Club '19-'20.

Assistant Local Editor of W. C. Journal '19.

Editor-in-Chief of "The Arrow" '20.



LILLA TEMPLETON, A.B.

Owings, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Oh, why aren't they all content like me?"*

In all probability during the first days of her life, Lilla was like the ordinary run of babies, interesting only to the members of her own family. Perhaps those who knew her best never dreamed that she would one day be a prominent member of the class of 1920 of the D. W. W. C. This has, however, come to pass and the Seniors are proud to claim her among their number. For four years she has enjoyed the triumphs and defeats of the class. Lilla is happy and carefree, in fact, she is a living example of the maxim that, "Happiness comes from within," for no matter how dreary or dismal the weather, she has a

radiance all her own. She is an all-round girl, and has the esteem and love of teachers and pupil alike.

A. B. Degree.

Member of the Y. W. C. A.
Member of the Castalian Literary Society.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '18-'19.
Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. '19-'20.
Member of Basket Ball Team '16-'17.
Member of Basket Ball Team '19-'20.
Marshal at Castalian Celebration '20.



MARGUERITE WILLIS TODD, MRS.
Due West, S. C.

"She is not made to be the admiration of everybody but the happiness of one."

Marguerite decided that instead of a musical degree, a matrimonial degree would be more to her taste, so this degree was conferred upon her during Christmas of her Senior year. We have never quite forgiven John for taking Marguerite away from us, yet we cannot blame him for we know that our loss was his gain. Altho Marguerite is the smallest member of the class, yet she can often accomplish more than others twice her size. She is known as "Pokey" among her best friends but this name does not suit her in the least, for she is always busy doing something, and what she does she does well. We congratulate Mr. Todd on his selection of a wife, and we all join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. John Todd a happy and successful life.



Offices Held.

Member Castalian Literary Society.
President Castalian Literary Society.
Member of Y. W. C. A.



IVY LOUISE BOYD. Mus., A. B.

Fountain Inn, S. C.

Entered College in 1916.

"I had rather love what I can't have, than to have what I can't love."

"The spring had come, the flowers in bloom and the birds sang out their lay," when this fair specimen of woman-hood graced the world by her presence and brightened the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Z. Boyd. Possessing the great desire to drink deeply of natures cup, she came to Woman's College four years ago. During this time she has made a host of friends both old and "Young." She has been a wide awake member of the Society of her choice. Being especially noted for her voice she has consequently rendered much appreciated service to Amelia and the Y. W. C. A. Last year she received the B. Mus. degree, also the McBride voice medal. She has been an all-round college girl and no matter where the path of life leads, we know Ivy will do something worth while.

Treasurer of Freshman Class '16-'17.
Chairman Music Com. Y. W. C. A. '17-'18.
President Glee Club '18-'19.
Pres. Amelian Literary Society '18-'19.

DORA ELIZABETH PRESSLY

Trov. Tenn.

Entered College in 1917.

*"So blithe is she and fair of face,
Both short and tall and such a case."*

Her sunny disposition, wit, and musical ability have won for "Pressy" an enviable place in the hearts of all W. C. girls. A generous fun-loving nature, an ever-ready desire to help at all times, and an inexhaustible supply of musical talents have made her a friend to all types of girls. Those of us who know her best, predict for her a successful and happy future, wherever she may be and whatever she may do.

Diploma in Musical Efficiency.
Member of Amelian Literary Society.
Member of Y. W. C. A.
Vice-President of Amelian Literary Society '18.
Secretary of Amelian Literary Society '20.
President of Gleel Club '18.
Secretary-Treasurer of Gleel Club '20.



Senior Class History

HE CLASS OF 1920 pauses on the mountain top of graduation to look back over the pathway that it has blazed up the hill side of college education. Naturally there are some regrets as we come to this day of retrospection. There are sighs for opportunities missed, for bad records left behind, for demerits received; but there is a feeling of satisfaction also as we think over the past days. This has been a happy and worth while period of our lives. Of the twenty-three who stand together today prior to making their impress on the world that lies beyond, sixteen have trod the four years together. Ruth Boggs, Rose Burns, Sudie Milford, Lila Bonner, Virginia Galloway, Grace Donnald, Ruth Pratt, Margarete Dallas, Lilla Templeton, Sara Patrick, Ivy Boyd, Elizabeth Tribble, Elizabeth Cathcart, Lillian Singleton and Virginia Reid started at the first mile post together. There were others with us in those early days, but as we climbed higher and higher many found the paths of education not to their liking. Some deserted us to try the path of business life, some the school teachers sphere, and not a few left us for the primrose path of matrimony. But our depleted ranks have been filled time and again by others who have brought praise to our name. Grace Sheffield, Pearl Dale, Laura Hill, Bessie Potts, Mary Belle Hood, Wilmot Whitesides, Laura Jane Mullen and Martha Pressly have joined us as we drew nearer to the top of the hill.

The Class of 1920 leaves a composite photograph impressed on the mind of the President and each member of the Faculty of the Woman's College. There will be times of course when our friends and instructors will think of the individual members of this class. More often, however, they will recall the photograph that the class as a whole has left behind. Let me hold one such picture before your eyes and point out to you the deeds and achievements that have put certain marks of character on the face of our class.

As we scrutinize this picture we see that there are lines in the face that indicate strong intellect. There have been few girls in the class of 1920 who have failed to take a strong and active interest in the Academic work. During our Freshman year in college our average record was good. Never can we forget our heroic struggles with English nor the pride with which we received the plauded "Well done" when we had finished our themes that completed our Freshman English course. Each succeeding year has brought its tasks in our literary work and each task has been met and conquered. The Mathematics, French and Sciences have seemed at times insurmountable obstacles, but all of those difficulties have been overcome. One of the crowning feats of our literary career was the editing, as Seniors, of the first annual from the Woman's College. Nearly all of us have contributed to this, our "brain child." Sometimes in the future, if present indications prove true, we may have a real writer from the Class of '20, for even now we have one, whose pen has astonished teacher and pupil.

Again we see evidences in the picture of our physical strength. It is largely basket ball practice that has put these markings there. During the year 1916-17 the Freshmen went out in large numbers to the basketball court. Excitement was high when, at the close of that Thanksgiving Day, after a battle with the Junior-Senior team and then with the Sophomores, the Freshmen held the loving cup. "Again in the fall of 1917 ours was the winning team. When 1918 came around the black and gold" still carried the day. Naturally the Seniors of '20 hoped to complete its basket ball career by taking the loving cup for the fourth and last year. But our team met its Waterloo on Thanksgiving Day of 1919 and the cup went to our very worthy opponents, the Junior Team.

But what are the feats that have marked "artistic temperament" on our picture. First there is musical talent in our class—in fact we might call ourselves a "musical family." There are vocalists, pianists and at one time we even claimed a violinist among our number. No musicals have been given when we did not have some capable representatives from our class. Three of the present Senior class have taken musical degrees, two have received the McBride voice medal and two have had charge of the music of the Y. W. C. A. Then we have an artist in our class. She has taken an active part in this branch of work and one year she received a scholarship in art. Then the class may boast of no little dramatic ability. In the spring of 1918 we, Sophomores at that time, staged a play, "Abbu San of Old Japan," which was pronounced far and near a "splendid success." We used the proceeds of this performance to beautify the campus by the erection of the rose arbor which proudly holds the fort near the entrance of the campus. In the scenes from Shakespeare in the Castalian celebration and the Indian pageant of the Amelian celebration, many of our girls took part. During the Junior year we had a credible representation in the Patriot program which the Amelians presented, and the Tennyson pageants staged by the Castilians. Nor will the record be broken in our Senior year. The two societies are calling again this year for our girls to assist in the "dramatics." While we see no signs up to this time of a Sara Bernhardt among our classmates, we have no doubts that there will be some lesser lights from among our number.

The last marked characteristic of our composite photograph is that it is a face which is concerned not only about material things but has a vision of something higher. The four officers of the Y. W. C. A. for the year 1918-'19 were members of the Class of '20. The same thing occurred this year. And we are proud to say that we have two student volunteers who go out from the Woman's College this year with us.

The picture of our class that we leave with the Woman's College is one that will never die. Long after the exact events of our college career have faded into the past, the noble and good that we have learned within its walls will be living and growing in the lives of those whom we meet.

VIRGINIA REID, '20.

Senior Class Poem

Who says that our work is over
When our College days are through,
With our girlhood days behind us—
The bright days and the blue?
Who says our tasks are finished,
Before we yet have tested life?
Can we bear the name of victors
When we have not met the strife?
Today the gates will close behind us;
We stand where the brook and river meet.
This is the burden of our song—
We take life's cares and hardships,
To live the pure and speak the true,
And in the world to right the wrong.
As the rose, clean and unspotted,
With its whiteness unmarred by sin,
Shall we keep our souls all pure
God overhead, His love within.
We shall strive to lift the darkness
To make this earth more than just earth,
And of the years of patient training
We shall try to prove the worth.
Unto you, our dear Alma Mater,
We shall live forever true.
And show to all the world of men
That we have been with you.
And from o'er flowing hearts we pray
Once more to you— Caress us!
With low bowed heads today we stand
Awaiting you to bless us.

VIRGINIA GALLOWAY, '20.

Senior Class Will

RUMMAGE SALE

MANY BARGAINS!!

ATTENTION FACULTY AND
STUDENTS!

*Be Sure to Come to the Notion Counter,
First Floor Lobby, Carnegie Hall,
Woman's College.*

Small things, great things, odd things, precious things, numberless things, articles once the possessions of the Senior Class—All at a bargain price. The notion counter will be open May 27, 28, 29.

COME ONE, COME ALL
RARE BARGAINS
SENIOR RUMMAGE SALE
GREAT CROWDS VISIT SENIOR
NOTION COUNTER
MANY PURCHASES OF USEFUL
ARTICLES MADE.
(Special to the State)

May 27, Due West, S. C.

There was an exciting scene before the doors of Carnegie Hall at 4 P. M. Long lines of girls and teachers were packed closely against the door, pushing and jostling, trying to get to the front. At length the notion counter was ready. Miss Elizabeth Tribble was general manager. Miss Ruth Boggs was Cashier, making her last stand as holder of the money bag. Miss Wilmot Whitesides stood at the wrapping counter, seeing that each article was tested and wrapped in best wishes from the Senior Class. To tell how the crowd swooped down upon the notion counter and how each found the things that suited her or that she needed, would be a hard task for a reporter with only two eyes, to describe.

The first one that found a suitable article was Miss Abernathy. She

grabbed the monocle and spectacles tied with yards of black ribbon which formerly belonged to Miss Bessie Potts. She rushed to Cashier Boggs, but there found that she could not pay for them that day as each article was not to be paid for in greenbacks but in good will to the Senior Class.

Miss Sheffield seemed to be searching diligently for something important, but could not find it. Miss Tribble went to her aid. Miss Sheffield said that she was looking for another sister to educate. There was no such article left, but Miss Tribble showed her a little comet hanging by its tail. Miss Sheffield grabbed this and went off exceedingly happy. Miss Sheffield already had a large deposit at the Cashier's desk.

The whole Junior Class seemed to be lugger a bulky package. Some one said that it was the Seniors' luck at basket ball in 1920, but it is not known for certain. It was already paid for in good will from the Juniors, so Cashier Boggs merely nodded as they passed.

Miss Williard Knight was rejoiced over a purchase she had made. Her package was a pair of high heels which originally belonged to Miss Sarah Patrick.

There was an odd looking package upon the counter which seemed about to spill. Margaret McCord quietly asked what it was. She found that it was a package of Miss Grace Sheffield's left over words, which she had not had time to use. Miss McCord immediately had this wrapped up for her in best wishes from the Seniors. Miss Grace Cashion purchased Miss Mary Belle Hood's bundle of Cousins. Miss Janet Moore claimed Miss Lillian Singleton's position on the Blue Ridge Working Force.

Miss Allie Rush bought Miss Grace Donnald's stinging sarcasm, as Miss Rush felt she needed this badly.

The doors closed promptly and many had to lay their packages down and come back on the morrow.

(Special to the State)

Due West, S. C., May 28.

The great notion sale of the Seniors is progressing exceedingly well. One article seemed to be attracting the attention of many who were clamoring for it. Miss Eunice McElvey already had it in her hands, for she found it was a flashlight which formerly belonged to Miss Lillian Clinkscales, the class sponsor. Miss McElvey desired to use it to keep her from kicking boxes down the stairs at night.

Miss Dora Elizabeth Pressly inquired if any one had seen Miss Virginia Reid's long tall man anywhere. She soon found that that was not one of Miss Reid's left-overs.

Miss Margaret Robinson found the remains of Miss Rose Burns' "Soothing Syrup for Freshman" and immediately purchased it.

Miss Katherine Pressly bought Miss Pearle Dale's fondness for "Pelicans." Miss Dale, needing no other fee, made no charges.

A package containing remnants of soirees, wickets, text books, Y. W. C. A. pamphlets, hard work, an old tennis racket, letters, and several remains of Erskine Society pins, all left over from a good time which formally belonged to Miss Lilla Templeton, was purchased by Miss Belle Dale.

One package seemed to elude the grasp of many. Miss Analine McCrory finally captured it and found it to be the

swiftness of Miss Pearle Dale and Margaret Dallas. Miss Emmie Lou Edmunds got at a bargain price the picture hats of Miss Ruth Pratt.

Miss Lois Pressly eagerly grasped Miss Sudie Milford's week-end trips, for she was anxious to go home to see her mother in Oklahoma as often as possible.

Miss Margaret Phillips selected Miss Virginia Galloway's ability to slip out of tight places.

Miss Elizabeth Mann found the question box of Miss Laura Jane Mullen as her possession. Miss Essie DuPre' was hunting Miss Elizabeth Cathcart's baseball pitcher, but found he was still in pitch with Miss Cathcart.

Miss Olanda McQueen decided to continue Miss Laura Hill's subscription to the Nashville Banner, thinking it might have several love stories in it.

A group of Juniors seemed to be examining a package very carefully. It was found to be "The Arrow" which had pierced the purse of the Senior Class. There was much putting of heads together, many perplexed looks, intense whispers, thoughtful weighing of problems. But, finally this countenance changed and with an expression of calm determination, they boldly came to the counter and made the purchase.

At this time the doors again closed and the friends went to their homes happy over their purchases.

May 29.

The Great Senior Bargain Counter was closed today as all of the articles were sold out yesterday. The sale was one of the most successful events of the season and was of great benefit to all who made purchases.

LILA BONNER, '20.

Class Prophecy

Near a gypsy's tent one autumn day,
Some dignified Seniors happened to stray.
To the eager query as to whom they might be
Prompt came the answer, "We're from 'W. C.'"

"Come hither, fair ones," said the gypsy bold,
"Come, cross my palm with much bright gold;
Deep in the heart of my crystal ball
I'll see the future of each and all."

"Shall we?" the Seniors in concert cried.
"It wouldn't be dignified," Wilmot replied.
"Let's throw off our dignity just for today,
And hear what the mystic has to say."

Lila Bonner approached her with sparkling eyes.
From the ball turned the gypsy, smiling and wise.
"I behold you, now, in a far-away land,
Healing the sick with skillful hand."

A sweet faced Senior next learned her Fate.
"Good things," said the gypsy, "come to those who can wait.
As a preacher's wife, you'll charm just the same,
And your name, 'Miss Boggs,' you'll no longer claim."

"Votes for women! Down with the men!
We'll never submit to the tyrants again!
Laura Jane Mullen, great Suffragette leader,
Makes an effective soap box speaker."

"Maiden, with downcast, violet eyes,
In a spotless kitchen you're making pies!"
This prophecy glowed with domestic cheer;
'Twas welcome to Lillian Singleton's ear.

With a scornful look, Bessie Potts came near,
And said, "For my future, have no fear."
"You'll write a book. Lo! the title appears,
It is, 'Men—Why I Hate Them—The Blessed Old Dears!'"

The Gypsy now let her eyes quietly stray
To where stood Virginia Galloway.
"As for you, my dear child," she said with a smile,
"I see you and 'Rube' still riding in style."

With Auburn cars, and ruby rings,
And many, many, lovely things,
Your David will supply you, Rose,
(No sweeter in the garden grows.)"

"A lovely voice floats out on the air;
The listening people forget all care.
They love the songs,—it does them good
To hear the name of Mary Belle Hood."

"Two charming maidens with consummate art,
Ensnare, by their acting, the public's heart;
Pearle Dale, in pinafores, childish and meek,
Martha Pressly, a goddess, in costume Greek."

Miss Pratt and Miss Cathcart must now draw near,
Approach! Approach! There's no cause for fear.
In future years you'll win your fame,—
You'll count all the stars, and give each a new name."

Then Wilmot approached with indifferent tread.
"The fields are 'White,'" the mystic said.
"You are chosen, young lady, to 'Garner' in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin."

"As the dignified dean of a Woman's College,
Grace Sheffield will wisely employ her knowledge.
As professor of Chemistry in the same place of learning,
Elizabeth Tribble is for 'higher' things yearning."

"Within the depths of my crystal sphere,
There appears a picture, bright and clear.
Grace Donnald makes a splendid nurse,
Her patients grow better instead of worse!"

"In a far-away city, a sign I see,—
'Aesthetic Dancing Taught Quite Free!'
Ma'm'selle Sudie Milford, straight from 'Paree,'
Will teach you the steps, and to say, 'Oui, Oui!'"

"An aeroplane huge now sails into view,
And the driver, maiden, appears to be—you!"
Lilla Templeton uttered a cry of despair,
"Anything rather than riding through air!"

Next came Sarah Patrick with brow serene.
"Your future, child, is plainly seen.
The greatest mission of your happy life
Is to make the right man a charming wife."

Cried Virginia Reid, of the golden hair,
"O, give me a fortune both true and fair."
"A Ph.D. I see you'll be,
And teach the girls of W. C."

"As a book agent you will win your fame."
This to our friend, Laura Hill by name.
With that gentle voice and pleading look,
You'll make folks buy 'most any kind of book."

"From the Senior Class you will soon depart,
I can pierce the secrets of your inmost heart."
Marguerite heard this, now isn't it odd
She has changed her name to "Mrs. John Todd"?

Of all the fortunes within my ball,
Yours, Margaret Dallas, is saddest of all.
A prim old maid, thus Fate has decreed,
And a 'Miss' in your epitaph, too, I read!"

As a runner victorious, weary of chase,
Slow sank the sun to his resting place.
Said the seer, "One moment, ere you depart,
Hear the words that come from the depths of my heart."

"Behold, Class of '20, the heavens fair,
And the glowing colors painted there!
But the Artist Great did not deem it wise,
To etch human lives on the aureate skies

Life is the canvas, for each of you, one.
Wield well the brush 'till the task is done;
That your picture, in many a tint and shade,
May be rich with a beauty that never shall fade."

MARGARET DALLAS, '20.



JUNIORS





Junior Class

CLASS OFFICERS

President	Lillian Quinn
Vice-President	Roberta Morris
Secretary and Treasurer	Lilly Pruitt
Historian	Lois Pressly
Sponsor	Miss Louise Agnew

MEMBERS

Mary Less Abernathy, A.B.....	Fort Lawn, S. C.
Alice Agnew, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Anna Brice Baird, B.M.....	Due West, S. C.
Martha Belle, A.B., H.E.....	McCormick, S. C.
Virginia Bryan, A.B.....	Asheville N. C.
Essie Dupre, A.B., H.E.....	Barton, Fla.
Carrie Furgerson, A.B.....	Edgemore, S. C.
Martha Lee Grier, A.B.....	Candem, Ala.
Florence McDaniel, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Florie McGill, A.B., H.E.....	Hickory Grove, S. C.
Roberta Morris, A.B., H.E.....	Willington, S. C.
Betty Morrah, A.B.....	Troy, S. C.
Lilly Pruitt, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Susie Pruitt, A.B.....	Anderson, S. C.
Lois Pressly, A.B.....	Anadarko, Okla.
Katherine Pressly, A.B.....	Statesville, N. C.
Lillian Quinn, A.B.....	Smyrna, S. C.
Jean Reed, A.B., H.E.....	Greenville, S. C.
Allie Rush, A.B., H.E.....	McIntosh, Fla.
Civilia Shannon, A.B., H.E.....	Blackstock, S. C.
Minnie Lee Stone, A.B.....	Donalds, S. C.
Mattie Sue Witherspoon, A.B.....	Anderson, S. C.
Margaret Westbrook, A.B.....	Edgemore, S. C.

At Junior Harbor



HE Ocean of Life is broad, deep and unknown; but adjoining it is the attractive Sea of College Life. On this little sea are many different fleets of ships, striving to learn the ways of the sea and to be fitted for the voyage on the Ocean of Life.

Blown from the four corners of the earth our poor wind-tossed band of ships gathered in the fall of 1917 at D. W. W. C. and set sail, with the faculty and President as crew and pilot, for Freshman Harbor. Unaccustomed to the rules and regulations of a fleet, each ship was at first anxious to leave the band and return to the port from which it had sailed alone, but as time went on, the benefits and pleasures derived from traveling with the fleet became more evident and each ship was content to be a part of the whole. In this way, we sailed together, narrowly escaping many shipwrecks thru the rough Sea of Freshman Life and safely reached the harbor.

After a short rest, in which each ship returned to its home port, the fleet again assembled and started on the voyage through Sophomore Bay. Nearly all the fleet was back in place and a few new ships joined the band. The journey here was made in more peaceful and easy-flowing waters because the fleet was more accustomed to laws. In friendly contests with other fleets our squadron many times won the day.

And now we have reached Junior Harbor, on our way to Senior Port. In this, our third voyage together, our journey has been characterized by loyalty to each other and to our fellow fleets. We are looking forward eagerly to the last, the culminating voyage together—the voyage through the Strait of Senior Life. When the journey starts next year we hope our fleet will be intact and we extend a hearty welcome to any ships who desire to join us.



SOPHOMORES

Sophomore Class



OFFICERS

Kittie Lee Steel	President
Lois Dowtin	Vice-President
Eula Mae Dillingham	Secretary and Treasurer
Carrie Donnald	Historian
Sponsor	Miss Louise Boyd

MEMBERS.

Augusta Alexander, A.B.....	Ware Shoals, S. C.
Catherine Asbill, A.B., B.Mus.....	Leesville, S. C.
Ina Bell, A.B.....	Brighton, Tenn.
Isabel Boyd, B.Mus.....	Mt. Carmel, S. C.
Inez Blakeley, B.Mus.....	Laurens, S. C.
Maxa Bradley, A.B., B.Mus.....	Gaston, S. C.
Sarah Carwile, A.B.....	Abbeville, S. C.
Grace Cashion, A.B., H.E.....	Huntersville, N. C.
Raymond Cason, A.B.....	Hodges, S. C.
Susie Cathcart, Certificate in Art.....	Winnsboro, S. C.
Helen Clary, A.B.....	Newberry, S. C.
Johnnie Cunningham, A.B., H.E.....	Marion Junction, Ala.
Eula Mae Dillingham, B.Mus.....	Anderson, S. C.
Carrie Donald, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Lois Dowtin, A.B.....	Troy, S. C.
Elma Dunn, A.B., H.E.....	Donalds, S. C.
Emmie Lou Edmunds, A.B.....	Edgefield, S. C.
Lois Glenn, A.B.....	Anderson, S. C.
Ellen Hunnicutt, A.B.....	Anderson, S. C.
Viola Johnson, B.Mus.....	York, S. C.
Wincie Jones, A.B.....	Kershaw, S. C.
Nannie Killian, B.Mus.....	Edgemoor, S. C.
Williard Knight, A.B.....	Lancaster, S. C.
Julia McChesney, A.B.....	Waterloo, S. C.
Annaline McCrory, A.B., H.E.....	Chester, S. C.
Josie Nance, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Mildred Jance, A.B.....	Due West, S. C.
Hortense Nash, B.Mus.....	Gray Court, S. C.
Mary White Pennell, A.B.....	Belton, S. C.
Bessie Richey, A.B.....	Ware Shoals, S. C.
Addie Simpson, B.Mus.....	Ware Shoals, S. C.
Kittie Lee Steele, A.B.....	Winnsboro, S. C.
Naomi Swinson, A.B., H.E.....	Barton, Fla.
Thelma Smith, A.B., H.E.....	Troutman, N. C.
Sara Smith, A.B.....	Donalds, S. C.
Effie Thomason, B.Mus.....	Greenville, S. C.
Margaret Watson, A.B., H.E.....	Bradley, S. C.
Kathleen Westbrook, B.Mus.....	Edgemoor, S. C.



Sophomore Class History



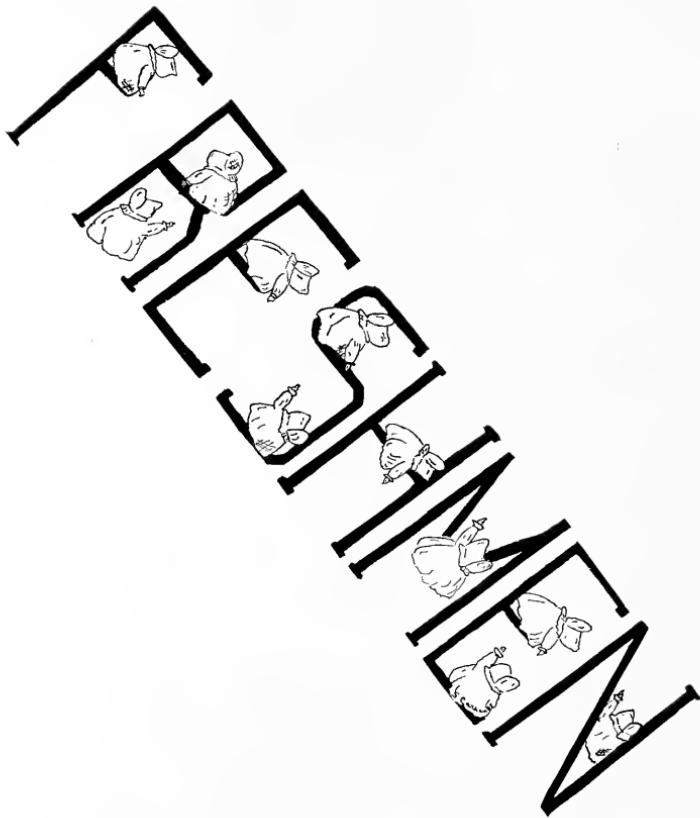
N the fall of 1918 there came to D. W. W. C. about seventy-five representatives of four states, who wished to get all that could be obtained in the Freshman Class. We seemed a motley crew, all sizes and shapes, and were overpowered by the stern discipline of the Faculty and by the curious glances of those Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores. However, we soon overcame our timidity enough to enter the library without knocking and to feel quite at home while in there.

Although our work was interrupted by the "Flu," we managed by hard work to cover the ground required of us. Our class made a good showing in athletics. We had three representatives on the college team last year.

Having lived through nine long months we left in June, looking forward to the reopening of college when we would be all important Sophomores. Away from the rush and noise of college, far from books and teachers, we spent three short and happy months of pleasure with our home folks.

With none of our former timidity and uncertainty, September, 1919, found us again assembled in the old halls. Although our numbers had decreased and we had lost some of our best members, we determined to make good. So adopting, "Let nothing discourage you, never give up," as our motto, we are striving to make W. C. proud of us; and we are looking forward anxiously to that day in June of 1922, when there will go out from this college not only the largest but one of the best classes in her history.

CARRIE DONNALD, '22.





Margaret Phillips
President

*Jeanette Moore
Vice-President*

Belle Isle
See. with fence.

Miss Jane Steffens
Sponsor



History of Class of 1923



SEPTEMBER 16, 1919, when a bunch of bewildered Freshmen landed in the "Holy City," we, the Class of 1923, first began our journey up that hard and rocky road to knowledge. Since that time we have been engaged in that mighty struggle, realizing that the only way to success is by perseverance and "burning the midnight oil." We, therefore, have diligently applied our fertile brains, which our green heads gracefully contain, to pursuing our journey up that narrow path which leads to a diploma everlasting.

Although our soirees have been few and far between, and we have never had the pleasure of enjoying what the old girls call the "Heartfelt Old Time Soiree," Cupid has been faithfully on the job and many of our young and innocent hearts have been pierced by his arrows.

The Y. W. C. A. has quite a majority of our class on her roll book, and we are doing our part as well as "Fresh" can do.

The societies have meant much for our literary training, and we see in our class valuable material for debating and reading, and also much musical talent.

Our Freshman Basket Ball Team is considered a splendid team by all the classes—even by our sister class, the Juniors.

"We have reached the foothills, and the mountains are beyond." We realize that the mountains are indeed beyond, but each Freshman is determined to do her best, and make D. W. W. C. proud of her Class of '23.

MARGARET ROBINSON, Historian.



The Irregular Class

OFFICERS

Shannon Walker	President
Myrtis Rush	Vice-President
Dora Byrd	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

Henrietta Guyn	Louisville, Ky.
Jennie Fowler	Woodruff, S. C.
Grace Reed	Atlanta, Ga.
Inelle Wheeler	Saluda, S. C.
Lila Smith	McCormick, S. C.
Vera Wheeler	Saluda, S. C.
Jennie Ruth Stevenson.....	Anderson, S. C.
Mamie Harris	Belton, S. C.
Jennie Elrod	Piedmont, S. C.
Dora Byrd	Donesville, S. C.
Myrtis Rush	McIntosh, Fla.
Shannon Walker	Louisville, Ky.
Mildred Ludwick	McCormick, S. C.
Ethel Warlick	Charlotte, N. C.



Student Body Presidents

SARAH PATRICK

First Term



PEARL DALE

Second Term

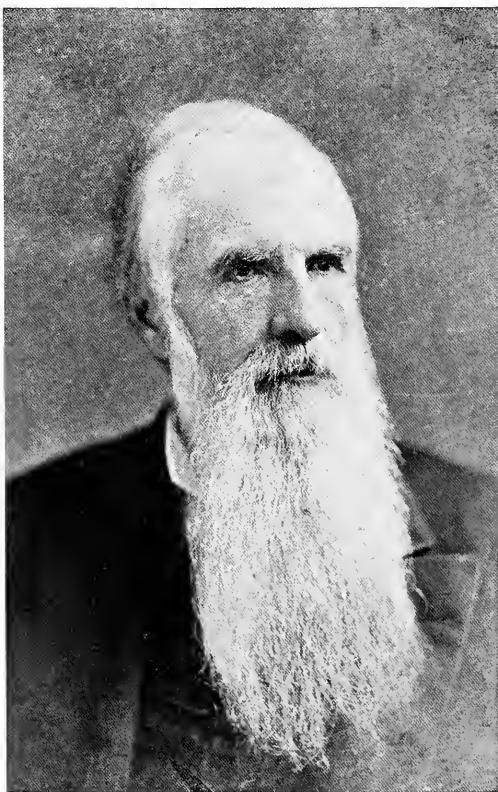
Our Matron



Mrs. ANNIE B. POWELL



Our First President



REV. J. I. BONNER

Woman's College of Due West

 T was in the year 1859 that a few men first conceived the idea of establishing a school where young women of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church might receive adequate training under decidedly Christian influence. For our Presbyterian forefathers, intellectual training and spiritual development went hand in hand.

In the fall of 1859 during a session of Presbytery at Newberry, S. C., Revs. J. I. Bonner, R. C. Grier, J. C. Galloway pledged five hundred dollars each for this enterprise. Their example had its influence on others and in November of the same year at Due West it was decided that the school in Due West under the charge of Miss McQuerns be taken over and a "female college" established. This was accordingly done. Since the three room building was not competent for the needs of the new school, a seven acre tract, where the college now stands, was purchased and a canvass for money instituted. The work was discouraging; money came in slowly. After a time, however, the corner stone of the brick building, the present Main Building, was laid.

In January, 1860, the first session of the College opened with the following faculty: Rev. J. I. Bonner, President, Rev. J. C. Galloway, Miss McQuerns and Miss McBride. The course of study prescribed was a good one and adequate for the needs of the time. But the new College was lacking in equipment. There were only five recitation rooms, these un plastered; no stairway to the second floor; one second-hand piano; no library; no laboratory, and no dormitory for the students. Due honor and praise should be given the founders who, in spite of debt and discouragement, stood by and supported the new College.

The first Commencement, occurring July 8, 1861, was held in the church; the first graduating class consisted of five young women.

It was during Dr. Bonner's administration that the War of Secession which swept away so many of our Southern Colleges was fought. Because of the heavy debt which the Trustees in the impoverished state of the country found themselves unable to pay, it was necessary to change the form of ownership. In 1867 a joint stock company was organized which took over the college, paid the indebtedness, and added some necessary equipment. Dr. Bonner's administration extended over a period of twenty-two years to 1881. This administration cannot be better characterized than by the words of another: "Dr. Bonner was preeminently the man for the hour and at last won out in face of all desperate odds and planted the college on firm grounds."

After the death of Dr. Bonner, Professor J. P. Kennedy, who for a number of years had been Professor in Erskine College, was unanimously chosen President. He associated with himself Mrs. K. P. Kennedy and Mrs. L. M. Bonner, both of whom had been connected with the college prior to this. The old church was purchased for a dormitory, thus enabling the college to accommodate a greater number of boarding students. In 1887 when, on account of ill health, it became necessary for Professor Kennedy to give up the work, Mrs. L. M. Bonner was chosen President and served most successfully until 1895. For the four succeeding years Rev. C. E. Todd was President. Although handicapped by disease, Mr. Todd was a man of unbounded energy and aspiration and during his regime notable progress was made. In 1900 Rev. James Boyce assumed control of the college. During this administration the curriculum of the institution was broadened and the standard raised. The Carnegie Dormitory erected in 1908 is a monument to his endeavor, but perhaps Dr. Boyce's

most far-reaching work was his success in having the college transferred from the control of the stock company to the Synod of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. The institution had been maintained largely by the church; now it was to be a denominational school owned and controlled by the church. It was at the time of this transfer in 1904 that the name was changed from *Due West Female College* to *Woman's College of Due West*.

Of Dr. and Mrs. Richard Lee Robinson, now President and Dean, respectively, of the college, it is not necessary to speak. All the Associate Reformed Presbyterians, indeed many in other denominations, know of their work. With no endowment, little financial aid from the denomination, with the continued rise in prices of everything, they have labored cheerfully and indefatigably. New departments have been added and the standard raised to satisfy requirements of the Association of Southern Colleges. The burden of the administrative work has been theirs; our appreciation and praise should also be theirs.

In 1915 the much needed Alumnae Building was ready for use. This, a gift largely of the alumnae of the college, contains the auditorium, practice rooms, music studios and art studios.

Quoting Dr. D. G. Phillips, in an address delivered September, 1910: "No arithmetic of earth, eternity alone can reveal the debt our church owes the Woman's College." Struggling for six years against poverty and poor equipment, she has held a place with other splendidly equipped colleges of our land. A list of the names of those connected with the Woman's College, both professors and students, is a list of which any institution might be proud. Among the professors there are: Dr. J. I. Bonner, Professor J. P. Kennedy, Dr. Jas. Boyce, Mrs. L. M. Bonner, Mrs. K. P. Kennedy, Miss McQuerens, Mrs. E. C. Stuart, Miss Mildred C. Watkins, Mrs. W. B. Lindsay, Mrs. Jennie E. Bonner and others not less dear to students of former days. Over one thousand graduates have gone out to every part of our country. A large number have found their work in Egypt, Mexico, Japan, India, China, and Korea. The Woman's College has a record of which she may be proud. It is for the students of today to see that her record is not sullied, her honor not stained.



1859



1906



1920

Eventful Dates

In the fall of 1859, sixty years ago, at the home of Rev. Jonathan Gallo-way in Newberry County, S. C., three men dreamed a wonderful dream—the founding of a Christian College for girls.

Nov. 1, 1859, the people of Due West awoke to find the dream had come true; the Due West Female College was a reality with Dr. J. I. Bonner at its head.

The second Monday of January, 1860, marked the formal opening of the College.

August 7, 1860, the corner stone was laid.

July 8, 1861, the first commencement day. The graduating class numbered five.

In October, 1861, Miss Lila Morse, later Mrs. Bonner, began her work in the college as teacher of piano, and for fifty-six years she was intimately connected with the college.

Amid the general ruins of War, the trustees practically bankrupt, organized a joint stock company **in 1867**.

1869 marked the beginning of dormitory life in the D. W. F. C.

In 1876, the Castalian and Amelian Literary Societies grew out of an overgrown organization.

Synod adopted the D. W. F. C. **in 1904**.

1906—Carnegie Dormitory, the gift of Andrew Carnegie and friends of the College was completed.

In 1909, the name was changed from "D. W. F. C." to "D. W. W. C."

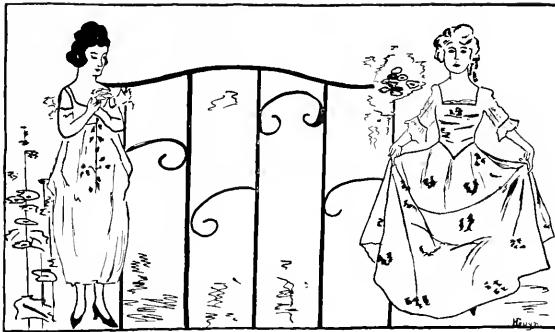
Celebration of fiftieth anniversary—**1911**.

A new building on the Campus—Memorial Hall—**1914**.

In 1915, the Library put on new life.

In 1917, the alumnae dreamed of an Endowment Fund. The dream has come true in the **Forward Movement of 1919**.

Watch the Home Coming in **June, 1920**—Sixtieth Anniversary.



College Life in 1870



COLLEGE LIFE! How expressive! Who does not look back upon the years spent in College and regard them as the brightest pages in Memory's Book! Misspent? Yes, many of them, yet filled with joy and the joy of living.

It is a life to be found in no other sphere—the warm friendships, the short lived bitter hatreds, the tears, the smiles, the good times, the differences, the night feasts, the old campus, the many characteristics of the girls and the teachers, the discipline, the broken rules, all abide with the girl forever.

Rules were many and rigid under Dr. Bonner's regime; but a strict observance of them was not impossible. In short they meant strict obedience, strict honesty, and always a lady. A few girls were rewarded each year for keeping the rules.

Our amusements? Friday night was nearly always a time of hilarity and sociability. A crowd would gather and play "steal partners," occasionally have a Virginia Reel or a Cotillion if any one knew how to "call out." We had plenty of good, wholesome fun. The sight of an elephant anywhere will instantly bring to mind the huge gray one which was accustomed to roam around the college on Friday nights. Its abode was one of the square rooms on the third floor. Its makeup was two girls from Huntersville, one now gone on beyond, the other the dignified wife of a distinguished D.D., two solid gray bed comforts, and a long gray veil. It was indeed life-like: timid Ferrie Grier would faint at sight of it. Sometimes a huge turkey would follow in its wake, provoking more terrified screams, but that was part of the frolic. Once, answering the call to gather on the first floor, we stood mystified till the back door was opened, revealing to us Aunt Harriet and her bridegroom of inky blackness, both wearing snow white gloves! They were married by the President with the girls as witnesses.

Uniforms? At the beginning of this decade the winter uniform was light blue (somewhat akin to Alice blue of today) with plain black hat. The first Sabbath in

May we donned the summer uniform, pink delaine skirt and white spencer waist; straw hat trimmed with white ribbon and pink flowers, just a spray not bunches of them, and no lace. Woe be unto her who tried to wear the lace on her pretty new hat, sent from home.

Our holidays were limited. At Christmas we had one or two days. One soiree, no calls or walks, then we wore the extra dress allowed! Usually a grand Cantata as given by the school; no girl going home (but they were few) was allowed to have part in it. This generally held the girls. We had one other soiree at the Junior Exhibition in May or else the boys went home with us, then again Wednesday night of commencement. Of course "engagements" for these occasions were made long before by "grapevine telegraph." "Girls will be girls." We generally had half holiday on Thanksgiving, on March 8, Miss McQuerns' birthday we had extra dinner and half holiday. Then a picnic May 1.

All in all we had a good time and I would not exchange my day for the present.

MRS. FANNIE BONNER BROWNLEE,
Class of 1878.

Tributes from Alumnae

Those of us who saw her beginnings and knew the spirit and ideals of her founders, have watched with pride and interest the growth and development of our Alma Mater.

MRS. JANIE KENNEDY BRICE, Class of 1872.

Alma Mater, Mother dear!

What noble inspirations and aspirations you give your girls! You ingraft those personal qualities that make woman a social favorite, namely: refinement, tact, intelligence, and sweetness of spirit. To which are added: energy, reliability, and a sense of responsibility in all her work. Coupled with these are: good health, assiduous literary study, religious, social, and ideal culture.

MRS. SALLIE MILLER BRICE, Class of 1877.

If one could fancy that there had never been the Woman's College of Due West to exert its wonderful influence, how much poorer would be the world today.

Knowing that the Woman's College will live and grow, how much richer will be the world of tomorrow!

MRS. GUSSIE HOOD BLAKE, Class of 1879.

Far back from the street half hidden by the green of the trees stands a red brick building with four stately white columns guarding its entrance.

Around this building cluster some of my most treasured memories. As a child I played in its shadow and as a girl I entered its walls as a student; now as a woman I look back in memory on the men and women who taught there not only facts in literature and science, but ideals of noble womanhood.

MRS. MARY MILLER BIGHAM, Class of 1883.

The best way to prove our appreciation of anything is to give it our most loyal support. We have no money to give as we would love to do, but we have given (God's best gift to parents) our daughters. My fourth is in college this year and if I had millions with which to educate her, I would not have her elsewhere. I'm sure the good influence received from the Woman's College means life to our church.

MRS. JANIE WIDEMAN PHILLIPS, Class of 1887.

"She is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

MRS. ZULA BROCK SHARPE, Class of 1889.

Recently, a girl from another college wrote, "There are no Sabbaths here, no spiritual atmosphere." Instantly, my thoughts took me back to dear old Due West, to its peaceful Sabbaths, to the wonderful influence of Mrs. Bonner, President, Miss Watkins and Miss Lillian McDavid, teachers, to the companionship of Macie Stevenson, Mattie Boyce, Fannie Wallace, Kate Neel and Mary Sullivan, all missionary products of those years, who left indelible impressions, then I asked myself the question: "Why should A. R. P. girls go anywhere else for an education?" Yes, why?

MISS ELLA STERLING, Class of 1891.

I have always loved the Woman's College, I still love her and I always will love her. "Age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety."

MRS. AGNES GRIER LONG, Class of 1904.

I think of the years spent in the Woman's College as among the best years of my life. As time goes by I look back upon them with increasingly pleasant memory. I prize those years not only for the knowledge gained, but the happy associations they brought.

MRS. ELIZABETH FAULKNER LUMMUS, Class of 1907.

Three cheers for the present Senior Class! We girls of 1914 are proud of you for having successfully carried through what we attempted and failed—A College Annual. We rejoice to see our college making progress as it ever grows dearer to us.

JEAN KENNEDY, Class of 1914.

Though our pearls of memories form but a meager strand, yet the most perfect and precious of all the gems are the sweet and ever lingering memories of thee—our Alma Mater.

VIRGINIA GALLOWAY, Class of 1920.

Alma Mater

Once again we come to thee,
Bearing gifts of loyalty,
Bowing at thy temple famed,
Reverencing thy honored name,
May the garnet and the gray,
Wave forever and a day.

Let no child who bears thy name
Cause thy cheek to glow with shame,
Thou must fair and fairer grow,
As the swift years onward flow,
Alma Mater, mother dear,
Bless thy daughters gathered here.

Born in faith and built in prayer,
Thou hast been our father's care.
Thou must never, never fail,
Nor before a foeman quail,
Valiant thou must ever be,
Long live D. W. W. C.

MRS. JENNIE GRIER MOFFAT, Class of 1883.



LITERARY

Spring

The happy spring at last has come,
The flow'rs were dormant lying,
The bees have just begun to hum,
The wind has ceas'd its sighing.

No snowbirds flit from bough to bough
O'er meadows brown and sere;
But happy robins calling now,
"Say! Spring at last is here."

Beneath the skies so bright and blue
The earth buds forth in splendor,
And gently beck'ning calls to you—
All nature grows more tender.

No care the happy maidens know,
They pluck the flow'rs of spring,
While lightly skipping to and fro,
They hear the song-birds sing.

The farm boy turns the fertile soil
And plants the golden grain,
Green tendrils smile amid his toil
While waiting sun and rain.

For he is bright as flow'rs of May
Ne'er in his path meets sorrow,
"Tis he the whole world seeks today,
The leader of tomorrow.

The God of Nature reigns serene
O'er lands of love and peace,
No strife to mar the raptured scene
Of happiness and ease.

P. D., '20.

A Quest of the Pleiades



If the lights had been brighter in the room, as they were not, for good reasons we shall presently learn, we could have seen a very familiar sight to most college girls. There was a burning chafing dish on the table, one girl was dicing bananas for salad, another making mayonnaise, and in fact all things were in preparation for a midnight feast. The scene was a happy though rather quiet one, for of course they must not arouse the sleeping duty teacher and get "caught" with the tragic result of restriction. The remainder of the seven, for there were only seven, who were not engaged in the preparation of the feast were sitting in and around the windows conversing with each other in subdued tones.

The group presently turned its attention to the starry heavens. The Pleiades was the first constellation they noticed because their club had been named for it, since there were seven girls in the club and seven stars in the constellation. They followed up with Orion, and a tone of merriment filled the air as they gleefully reminded each other of the fancy they had woven around this constellation. Orion signified to them, any faculty member who might be on duty at a time of one of their festivities; for did not Orion seem to be chasing the Pleiades in the heavens? And in truth he was if we are to accept the old legend of his being enamored of them and giving pursuit. Why was Orion not an appropriate name for any one who might try to chase the Pleiades in any of their frolics? Each one of these girls had grown passionately fond of watching these two constellations and applying its legends to their own club, and saying:

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion, sloping slowly to the west.
Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

The Pleiades had chosen their names from the names of the stars in their constellation. The one deemed the fairest was called Maia, for is this not true in the myth? The others had chosen their names from the remaining stars, as they pleased, except that the name Electra was given to the one who was the swiftest in getting out of sight when they heard Orion coming.

At length the hot chocolate was ready and everything was served. The already dim candle was blown out since there was really no need for it at this time. The whole group now gathered around the window and talked of any subject that presented itself,—their lessons, lovers, or what not, and very often of Orion when there was the slightest noise in the corridor.

"My chocolate isn't sweet enough," said Taygete, the third of the Pleiades.

"Please don't light the candle to get any sugar to sweeten it," answered Alcyoni, "for Orion will surely see it."

"I can get it for you without a light," chimed in Celaeno, and she accordingly rose and went towards the table to get it. Then all of a sudden: Clatter, clatter, clatter! Rattle, rattle, bang! Would it never stop rolling! She had knocked the lid off the table and made a horrible racket.

"O, run for your lives! We are surely caught," cried Sterope and Merope.

In less time than it takes to tell it, five of the Pleiades were out of the door, on their way home, and the other two were in bed—shoes, kimona and all—with the

covers pulled over them, and ready to feign a snore should Orion come to see if they had caused the disturbance. Bright stars!

Orion was really aroused and rushed into the hall brandishing his sword (being interpreted, the flash light) in his hand and was in hot and close pursuit.

The Pleiades broke the tradition of the heavens and fled in opposite directions. They chose wise courses with the exception of Electra. Fleet-footed Electra! The one who had been dubbed Electra had taken the wrong course for once! Orion caught a glimpse of her and pursued with all his might. His gleaming sword and Electra's wildly flying hair, the hair that makes the comet in the constellation, was truly a picture of the Pleiades in the heavens. Down the hall and up the stairs the runner and the chaser went! The poor Pleiad must keep the tradition of never letting Orion catch her. When the Pleiades of old prayed for help in the mad chase, Jupiter helped them by turning them into pigeons and making them a constellation. Likewise, unhappy Electra wished that she were a pigeon, or anything except what she really was. At last she reached the door of her room and dashed in. She knew that Orion was still pursuing and now was her chance to play the mouse instead of the pigeon. She accordingly threw herself upon the floor and rolled under the bed as fast as she could.

Electra was congratulating herself upon her escape and upon living true to the tradition of the Pleiades, when,—horror of all horrors! She heard Orion at the door! He entered and, bending over, flashed a light under the bed with his gleaming sword. The tragedy of it was that she was not a mouse that she might scamper away.

Now that Orion had caught her Electra remembered that tradition also said that she had turned away to keep from seeing the destruction of Troy. She wondered if the other Pleiades would turn pale at the sight, as the true Pleiades had at the downfall of Troy, and if there was not an ill omen in the name of Pleiades.

The names of Orion and the Pleiades seemed very fascinating in the flickering candle light at midnight. But in the broad daylight of the next day, called down before the faculty, the stern reality remained that Electra was only a college girl who in her reckless folly had been caught at midnight feast. Jupiter had failed and had proven a false god to her as he had not been to the Pleiades of the heavens. Orion's dog, Sirius, who is seen trailing behind him in the heavens and who helps him in his chase, set up a loud bow-wow at the faculty meeting, and before it was over Electra was condemned to restriction for a whole month.

The Pleiades had really blanched at the sight and did not venture on another midnight escapade for about two weeks. Electra was there and, to fulfill her part or the tradition of the Pleiades, was generally invisible, because she was hidden in the closet for fear of another chase with Orion. She explained that, as Electra of old had turned away to keep from seeing the destruction of Troy, she herself had turned away to keep from experiencing her own destruction.

Since this quest the Pleiades have proven true to the tradition of Orion never catching them. They still fly before him in the heavens and he pursues. Likewise, the modern Pleiades fly before him in the corridors and he rides a vain quest.

M., '20.

A Perfect Day

The sun peeps up—the day begins,
The earth's cloth'd with a rosy hue;
The birds their songs begin to trill,
The sky's a beautiful pale blue.

The day creeps on—the breeze is warm,
A scent of roses fills the air;
A mocking bird trills low sweet notes
To fill the world with something rare.

The sun sinks low—a rosy glow
Pervades the hills and mountains high;
The silent moon looks softly down,
"Good-night, God's Blessing," breezes sigh.

F. B., '23.

Our Brother's Keeper



MERICA'S history has been one of challenges. "Conquer me!" cried the strange new land to both somber Puritan and gay Cavalier. "Subdue me!" invited the vast wilderness. "Chain me!" taunted each swift-flowing river as it rushed to the sea. "Beware, Paleface, the land is mine!" muttered the sullen and suspicious Indian.

Then, just when the land was beginning to come into its own—just when the colonies were feeling the first faint stirrings of the national spirit, England, the mother country, stirred the young nation to bitter and purposeful revolt. The soul of America, through the lips of Patrick Henry, sent this ultimatum ringing across the Atlantic: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

And on down through the ensuing years, our land has ever met the challenge, "To arms, America!" fearlessly and courageously. She has ever been secure in the belief that victory is given to those who battle on the side of right.

In the year 1914, the flower of American manhood set sail for foreign shores. Why? The challenge had been given,—America was answering. In 1918 the boys began to return, not in defeat, but as conquering heroes. The war was over. Our land had done her bit, as the many graves in Flander's field testify. But with the close of the Great War did our part in world-wide interests cease? Can America now fold her hands and enjoy her marvelous civilization and prosperity? No! Her greatest duty lies before her.

At the close of the war our nation found herself occupying a unique position. As the greatest of the "Five Big Powers," she holds the place of counselor and guide to the remaining four: Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. The period of reconstruction is a dangerous one. The future of the world is at stake. Shall the principles of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" prevail, or shall humanity sink deeper into the quagmire of despair? America will be the principal determining factor. The great question before her is: "Am I my brothers' keeper?" To her belongs the power to answer as she desires.

From Great Britain comes a clarion call for aid in establishing, first and foremost, a just, lasting, and an all-embracing peace. The end of the war saw the militarism and autocracies of central Europe destroyed beyond our greatest hopes. The whole continent was littered with the debris of disrupted empires. But it still remains to be seen whether the faith in which untold numbers of gallant youths died—the faith in a war that was to redeem and elevate mankind—a war that was, possibly, to free the whole world from the terrors of devastation and bloodshed, had an actual foundation upon which to build or whether it was anything more than a beautiful illusion.

The Peace Conference sounded the death knell of Prussian Militarism and it tried to make a new map of Europe, based upon the principles of nationality and democracy. The Conference also gave to the world the first working plan for a League of Nations. But when this much was done, the delegates turned their faces homeward, and gave their attention to domestic affairs.

What of the infant democracies born during the travail of Europe? What of Russia? Is she safe for Democracy? What of the men who fought for the new world and of the hundreds of thousands who died to establish it? Are we keeping faith with them if we fail to honor the promises made them. These are some of the questions addressed to America by Great Britain. Says Charles McCurdy, a prominent Englishman:

"It will be a tragedy if the British people and the people of the United States stop thinking about this war and allow their attention to be switched onto domestic politics or industrial problems without first making a concerted effort to get a good peace."

One of the greatest difficulties to be met in the establishing of this peace is that of dealing with those countries that have been subjected to Turkish misrule. By the Covenant of the League of Nations accepted by the Allied Conference on April 28, 1919, the Allied Powers laid down, in no indefinite terms the method by which they proposed to deal with these peoples.

Realizing that Armenia and the other downtrodden countries are in no condition at present to help themselves, these nations which were, by reason of their advanced positions in the political world, judged capable to aid these people, to act as mandatories. The Allied nations of Europe cannot undertake the task alone. It is one that requires vast expenditures of money, time and man power.

Great Britain and France will undertake the trusteeship of Syria and Mesopotamia. The future of Constantinople and Armenia are now of supreme importance. The condition of Armenia especially calls for aid. Her people have asked the United States for help. Will humanity be permitted to suffer longer? "Am I my brothers' keeper?"

A second of the Great Powers, Italy, presents her plea to America through a rather peculiar channel—that of Italian emigration to the United States. This phenomenon of emigration has long been a familiar one and has developed with such a regularity of character that it has come to be regarded as a normal manifestation of the economic life of the two countries. This movement has been momentarily disturbed by the Great War. But now the war is over. Italian immigrants have begun to come over in increasing numbers. Up until this time both Italy and the United States have reserved the right of disciplining this movement in an independent way—Italy with her services upon emigration and America with hers upon immigration.

Italy seems to think that the hour has arrived for studying this very important form of relations between the two countries. She hints at a treaty, similar to one she has recently signed with France concerning emigration.

"Italy and America who have found themselves associated in the war," says Giuseppe de Michelis, Italian Commissioner for Emigration, "are destined to an ever closer relationship. Let us take steps so as to give to this social reality the greatest possible weight in the system of the relations between our two governments. It is in the common interest of our two nations." America, what is the answer?

The next message comes from the "Land of the Furthest East." Japan tells us that "Peace in the Far East has been, and is, the most urgent wish of all her thinking people." In 1914 when she entered the Great War with her Western Allies, she did so because of loyalty to her obligations and because an enemy (Germany) had a strong-hold in the East. In doing so she cast her lot with them to stand or fall. Japan joined with the victors in making peace, and will stand with them in maintaining this peace whenever it is menaced in violation of the terms of the treaty which she has signed and ratified.

Japan sends a message of protest against the way in which that clause in the Peace Treaty concerning the Shantung award was received by the other nations. She protests against the fact that the Japanese Government was said to be a treacherous conspirator against the world at the moment she signed the treaty. She says that Japan, as one of the five main powers signatory, will keep the faith and abide by the treaty,

just as she has always kept the faith with other nations. So the challenge from Japan is:

"We have stated the facts, America, concerning our position. Will you accept them as true and believe in our honesty and sincerity?"

From the other side of the Atlantic there comes a last call to the American nation. This comes from France, as from friend to friend. France and America are the two countries in which, for the first time in modern history, democracy has reached its highest development under the form of a well organized and efficient republican government. They have fought together—they are bound by strong historical ties that have never been broken. During the past war the economic ties between the two countries were much strengthened by the enormous amount of business transacted between them. Now that peace has been restored, commerce must be restored on a normal basis.

Because the equilibrium of trade has been broken by the war, the value of French money has declined in American markets and unless conditions are improved it will be necessary for France to buy from other countries. According to France, there is only one sound solution to the problem of overcoming the difficulty of exchange—that of extending credits to France.

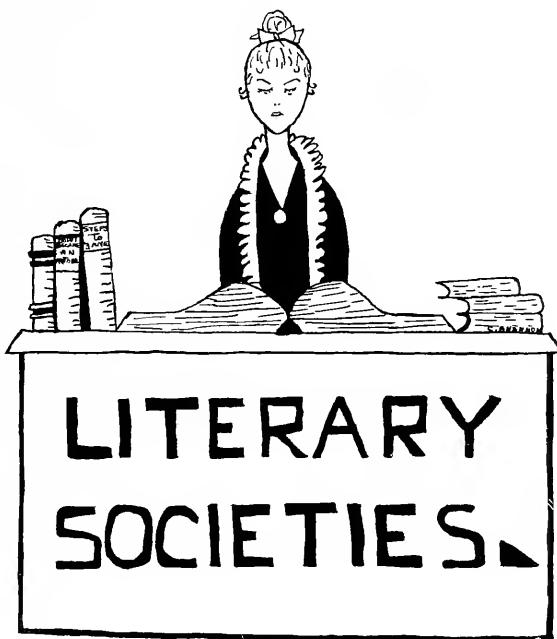
How will America respond to this? Will she answer as she has previously done: "Lafayette, we are here"?

Thus from the misty gray moors and fens of Great Britain; from the sunny slopes and fragrant vineyards of Italy; from devastated France; from the "Land of the Cherry Blossoms" comes the call to duty. Each breeze that sweeps the ocean—each incoming tide brings the message. Just how America will answer remains to be seen. That she will answer, and, that led by a Higher Power, she will do the right, is the belief of every true patriot.

Many are the dangers besetting her pathway. All the difficulties and the problems cannot be settled in a day. No! Nor in many days. Our brothers' keeper? Yes, for such is America's place among the nations. And as the sun of peace ascends higher and ever higher, the prayer that rises from every heart and from every fireside may be expressed in those words so aptly and beautifully uttered by Longfellow:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, America, strong and great.
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

M. C. D., '20.





Amelian Literary Society

Founded 1859

Colors: Purple and Gold

Flowers: Violet and Jonquil

Motto: Excellentia

MEMBERS

Augusta Alexander
Catherine Asbill
Bertha Ashworth
Anna Brice Baird
Myrtle Baldwin
Lillie Mae Banks
Louise Barron
Ferne Bell
Martha Bell
Ina Bell
Mary Bennett
Ruth Boggs
Maggie Boozer
Gertrude Bowen
Ivy Boyd
Isabel Boyd
Maxa Bradley
Frudson Brown
Virginia Bryan
Janie Cannon
Sarah Carwile
Grace Cashion
Raymond Cason
Elizabeth Cathcart
Susie Cathcart
Isabel Choate
Helen Clary
Virginia Cousar
Johnnye Cunningham
Pearl Dale
Margaret Dallas
Lexine Davenport
Eula Mae Dillingham
Grace Donnald
Carrie onnald
Elma Dunn
Emmie Lou Edmunds

Harriett Edwards
Roy Faust
Jennie Fowler
Margaret Fowler
Stella Fowler
Lorena Garrett
Cozette Gault
Lois Glenn
Martha Lee Grier
Henrietta Guyn
Ruth Hayes
Laura Hill
Ruby Hill
Eloise Hite
Mary Belle Hood
Ellen Hunnicutt
Veola Johnson
Louise Jones
Willard Knight
Mary Lane
Daisy Lanier
Ruby Lipscomb
Mildred Ludwick
Eunice McCelvey
Julia McChesney
Margaret McCord
Florence McDaniel
Jean McDill
Olanda McQueen
Sudie Milford
Janette Moore
Laura Jane Mullen
Jennie Nance
Josie Nance
Mildred Nance
Eva Nelson
Rosa Patterson

Jula Patton
Mary White Pennell
Margaret Phillips
Sarah Plaxco
Eula Mae Plaxco
Bessie Potts
Ruth Pratt
Dora Elizabeth Pressly
Martha Pressly
Katherine Pressly
Lillie Pruitt
Bessie Ritchie
Margaret Robinson
Addie Rogers
Allie Lee Rush
Myrtis Rush
Lindsay Scott
Grace Sheffield
Sarah Smith
Thelma Smith
Lila Smith
Kittie Lee Steele
Minnie Lee Stone
Feriba Stough
Marie Stroud
Wessie Sturkey
Effie Thomason
Nettie Thomason
Nannie Thomason
Shannon Walker
Ethel Warlick
Margaret Watson
Selma Watt
Gladys Welborn
Wilmot Whitesides
Mattie Sue Witherspoon

Presidents



Grace Shefield

Ruth Boggs

Wilmot Whitesides

Eyizabeth Cathcart

Martha Pressly

Pearl Dale



Amelia

Sing of loyalty and honor,
And of lofty purpose true,
Noblest womanhood shall crown her
Whose high aims pass in review.
Our ideals we now will show you,
Of our motto first take note.
It is worthy, "Excellentia!"
We to it our powers devote.

In the valley of life's pathway,
We will toil and gather strength
For the steep ascent, that always
Gives the hill-crest view at length.
Nothing short of its attainment
Satisfies the earnest soul,
And the striving gives rare payment
Though not all may reach the goal.
Character, ideal and strong,
This our standard long shall bear,
Thoughts of worth we would make real,
Things that time will not outwear.

In our history we glory,
And its leaves with pride we turn,
For the oft-repeated story
Makes our hearts within us burn.
Poesy hath crowned with laurel
Her whose name we proudly bear,
And we strive to make immortal
Loved "Amelia's" title fair.

For an emblem long we pondered
Rich insignia, everywhere,
And from fair France's Honor Legion
Gave, at length, the badge we wear.
Courts of kings were sought for colors,
Lore of knights and pages bold,
These we love above all others,
Royal purple slashed with gold.
Fair Amelia's aims we honor,
Her legacy in love bequeathed
May we cherish through life's journey,
And guard her fair name, laurel-wreathed.

MISS LENORE NEVILLE LONG.



Castalian Literary Society

Founded 1896

Colors: Crimson and Gold

Flower: Red Carnation

Motto: Esse quam videre

MEMBERS

Mary Less Abernathy	Helen Moffatt
Jessie Able	Betty Morrah
Alice Agnew	Roberta Morris
Josie Lee Beard	Hortense Nash
Inez Blakely	Sarah Patrick
Lila Bonner	Hennibee Powell
Ruth Bonner	Mary Pressly
Rose Burns	Lois Pressly
Virgie Busby	Susie Pruitt
Dora Byrd	Tinie Pruitt
Ethel Cheatham	Mae Putnam
Annie Crawford	Lillian Quinn
Nolie Crawford	Jean Reed
Evelyn Dale	Grace Reed
Belle Dale	Virginia Reid
Lois Dowtin	Erin Reid
Essie DuPre	Willie Robinson
Jennie Elrod	Zelma Scott
Carrie Ferguson	Civilla Shannon
Virginia Galloway	Addie Simpson
Mamie Harris	Lillian Singleton
Howard Hill	Jennie Ruth Stevenson
Elizabeth Johnson	Naomi Swinson
Wincie Jones	Lilla Templeton
Leila Kennedy	Elizabeth Tribble
Julia Kennedy	Vera Wheeler
Nannie Killian	Inelle Wheeler
Lucile Kirkpatrick	Margaret Westbrook
Elizabeth Mann	Kathleen Westbrook
Annaline McCrorey	Mattie Mae Whitesides
Florie McGill	

Presidents



Lila Bonner

Elizabeth Tribble

Rose Burns

Sarah Patrick

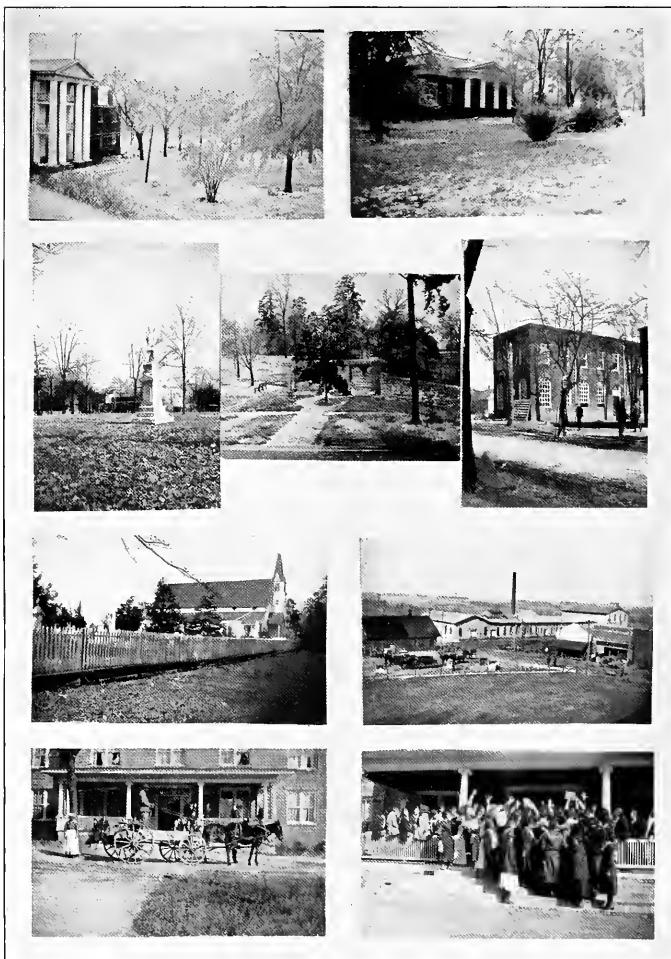
Virginia Reid



Castalia

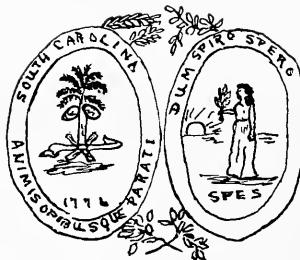
If you will follow me gently,
With quiet steps and with care,
I will lead through a vale of flowers
(Rich blossoms of beauty rare).
And then a dark cavern I'll show you
In the side of a mountain drear,
Which stands like a sentinel o'den
Guarding some treasure dear.
And there I will show you a fountain
Of sparkling water and free,
Midst a wild profusion of flowers
'Neath the arms of a huge oak tree.
There, Friend, you may well look with wonder
The fountain Castalia behold
By a beautiful maiden 'tis guarded—
Here are treasures many and old.
You will find here the wisdom of ages;
The fruit of well applied years,
The sound of the silver drops tinkling
'Tis music to earthworn ears.
Castalia these treasures will show you,
Aye these and myriads more,
Of wonders perhaps you have heard of
In books of fanciful lore.
You'll find this to be a true story,
If you delve in her treasure store,
Castalia will not prove a miser
She'll lavish her bounties galore.
Now this is a secret I've told you
Guard well from a treacherous foe,
The beautiful spring was discovered
Most twenty long years ago.
Since that time Castalia has flourished.
Her claims have widened their scope;
Her standard of womanhood noble
Has given new life and hope.
May the wisdom of ages ne'er fail her;
Her strength, be it ever the same,
Doing well each task that's assign'd her,
Ne'er fawning for glory or fame!

N. H., '19.



PICTORIALS





"The Palmetto Girls"



Motto: "While I breathe, I hope."

Flower: Goldenrod

President	Sarah Patrick
Vice-President	Ruth Boggs
Secretary	Lillian Singleton
Artist	Susie Catheart

Sisters



Cathcart Sisters
Hill Sisters
Sheffield Sisters
Westbrook Sisters

Donald Sisters
Nance Sisters
Rush Sisters

Grier Sisters
Pruitt Sisters
Thomason Sisters
Wheeler Sisters

"The Flaroklalas"



Allie Rush President
Lois Pressly Secretary

Florida "Crackers"

Olanda McQueen	Naomi Swinson
Essie Du Pre	Myrtis Rush
Allie Rush	

Alabama "Coons"

Mrs. Annie B. Powell	Miss Lois Grier
Henniebee Powell	Martha Lee Grier
Louise Jones	Ruth Bonner
Evylyn Dale	Johnnye Cunningham

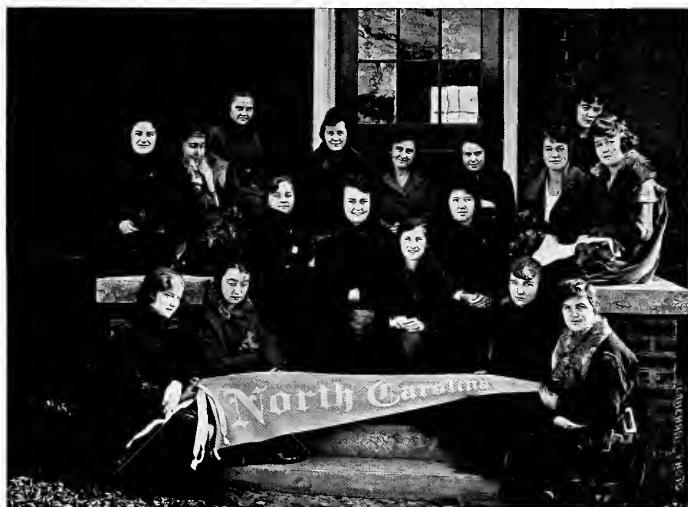
Arkansas "Traveler"

Eva Nelson

Oklahoma "Sooner"

Lois Pressly

"The Long Leaf Pine Girls"



Motto: "Boost the old North State."

Flower: Rhododendron.

OFFICERS

President	Wilmot Whitesides
Vice-President	Katherin Pressly
Treasurer	Virginia Bryan
Secretary	Grace Cashion

MEMBERS

Mary Bennett	Isabel Choate	Thelma Smith
Maxa Bradley	Ruth Hayes	Feriba Stough
Ethel Warlick	Mary Lane	Gladys Welborn
Fradonia Brown	Mary Belle Hood	Josie Lee Beard
	Laura Jane Mullen	

Anderson County



President Ruth Boggs
Vice-President Susie Pruitt
Secretary and Treasurer Mattie Sue Witherspoon
Sponsor Miss Clinkscales

Flower: Cotton

Colors: Green and White

Motto: "We plow deep while sluggards sleep,
We've corn to sell, 'taters to keep."

"Farmerettes"

Ruby Hill	Jennie Ruth Stevenson
Addie Rogers	Lois Glenn
Mamie Harris	Jennie Elrod
Tinie Pruitt	Gertrude Bowen
Mary White Pennell	Ellen Hunnicutt
	Eula Mae Dillingham

Chester County



President Louise Barron
Vice-President Margaret Phillips
Secretary and Treasurer Belle Dale

Motto: On the Lookout (Hills).

Password: "Jitney."

Flower: Marigold (Marry Gold).

Belle Dale	Erin Reid
Marie Stroud	Rose Burns
Helen Moffatt	Nannie Killian
Civilla Shannon	Louise Barron
Margaret Westbrook	Marguerite Willis
Kathleen Westbrook	Margaret Phillips
Mary Less Abernathy	Mattie Mae Whitesides

Lawrens County "Boosters"

Miss Bessie Byrd, Sponsor

Addie Simpson, '22
Julia Patton, '23
Myrtle Baldwin, '23
Julia McChesney, '22
Inez Blakley, '22
Lilla Templeton, '20
Elizabeth Tribble, '20
Maggie Boozer, '23
Janie Cannon, '23
Hortense Nash, '22

Pres., Lilla Templeton
V.-Pres., Elizabeth Tribble
Sec.-Treas., Julia McChesney
Motto: "To Boost Laurens"



McCormick County



Lila Smith Lois Dowtin Betty Morrah Leila Kennedy
Eunice McCelvey Isabel Boyd Willie Robinson
 Martha Bell Wessie Sturkey
 Roberta Morris Mary Pressly



"The White Rose Petals"

York County

Motto, "B"

Lillian Quinn

Veola Johnson

Carrie Fugerson

Florie McGill

Eula M. Plaxco

Sara Plaxco

Jeannette Moore

Ferne Bell

Mascot, "Jack"

Preachers' Daughters



Time of Meeting—"When the bell doth ring."
Place of Meeting—"In a straight and narrow path."
Motto—"There's a little bit of bad in every good little girl."
Flower—"Jack in the pulpit."
Aim—"To do as our mothers did—marry preachers."
Chief Occupation—"Going to church."
Favorite Sport—"Talking to Pelicans."



"S³"

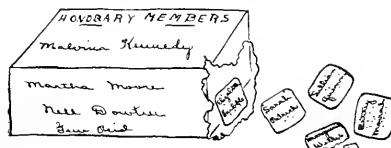
Motto: "Hang sorrow; care would kill a cat;
Therefore, let's be merry."

Place of Meeting: Betty's and Pokey's room.

Time of Meeting: Recreation.

Object of Meeting: To reveal secrets and satisfy hunger.

Pass Word: "N" Everything!?!?"



The String Band



Time of Meeting: "4/4=common time."

Place of Meeting: "Band stand."

Motto: "If music be the food of love, play on!"

Pass Word: Try to be sharp; always be natural; never be flat.

Object of Meeting: "Imitate Kitty."

Favorite Selection: "The Old Cow Crossed the Road."

Band Mistress—Betty Pressly.

MEMBERS

1st Violin—Betty Pressly

2nd Violin—Henrietta Guyn

Ukeleles—

Roberta Morris

Lois Pressly

Civilia Shannon

Shannon Walker

Louise Barron

Essie Du Pre

Guitar—Allie Rush

"The Ripples"



Motto: "Catch me if you can."

Time of Meeting: Midnight.

Place of Meeting: The Weinie Alley.

Elisabeth Johnson President
Bertha Ashworth Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

"Mac"	"Pat"	"Lipstick"
Annaline McCrorey	Leila Kennedy	Ruby Lipscomb
"Izzy"	"Coot"	"Rock"
Isabel Boyd	Eula Mae Dillingham	Rosa Patterson
"Bill"	"Sook"	"Ash"
Willie Robinson	Erin Reed	Bertha Ashworth
	"Tin"	
	Elizabeth Johnson	

"We Are Seven"



Aim—"To keep the day bright
As the seven starry sisters do the night."

President	Katherine Pressly
Vice-President	Gladys Welborn
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Susie Cathcart
Musicians.....	{Veola Johnson Elizabeth Cathcart

The H. H. Hikers



Rendezvous: Turkey Shoals,

Miss Lois Grier

Annaline McCrory—"Mack"

Martha Lee Grier—"Polly"

Margaret Phillips—"Loggie"

Belle Dale—"Jack"

Lois Pressly—"E"

Julia McChesney—"Judy"

Naomi Swinson—"The Cat"

Mary Pressly—"Luke"

Tris Kai Deka



Motto: "Thirteen, no more, no less."
Miss Grier—Sponsor.

Bertha Ashworth President
Hortense Nash Secretary and Treasurer

ROLL

"John," Johnnye Cunningham
"Jingle," Martha Bell
"Ash," Bertha Ashworth
"Wuser," Eloise Hite
"Mac," Eunice McClevey
"Sock," Hortense Nash

Gertrude Bowen, "Trudy"
Mamie Harris, "Sweetie"
Ruth Hayes, "Puck"
Wessie Sturkey, "Turkey"
Eva Nelson, "Bobby"
Addie Rogers, "Ted"



KENTUCKY

Motto: "United we stand, divided we fall."

Flower: Goldenrod.

Popular name of state, "Blue grass or Dark and bloody ground."

Popular name of people, "Corncrackers."

NAMES:

Mrs. Robinson

Henrietta Guyn

Shannon Walker

TENNESSEE

Motto: Agriculture, Commerce.

Flower: Goldenrod.

Popular name of state, "Volunteer."

Popular name of people, "Butternuts."

NAMES:

Miss Sheffield

Grace Sheffield

Ina Bell

Miss Hill

Laura Hill

Pearl Dale

Elisabeth Pressly

"Presslys"



Place of Meeting: Pressly Pergola.

Time of Meeting: "Now."

Favorite Song: "Press me to your heart and call me yours."

Watch Word: "Press onward."

Motto: "Pressly now, but we may change our name."

Favorite Occupation: "Pressing two-lips."

Katherine		"Boody"
Martha		"Big Press"
"Luke"	Lois	"Eee"
"Little Press"		Mary Elizabeth



OUR FACULTY

"Eatin' 8"



Motto: "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow ye may starve."

Place of Meeting: "Tin Roof."

Time of Meeting: "All the time."

Object of Meeting: "To eat all we can, and can all we can't."

Favorite Song: "She eats and she ate."

Pass Word: "Beat!"

"Savannah"	{	Chief Cooks
"Bert"		Butler
"Ise"		Biggest Eater
"Shine"		Bottle Washer
"Ess"		Janitor
"Big Press"		K. P.
"Hun"		
"Little Press"		"The fool to make us merry."

(Duty Teacher_____)

"The experiences that make us sad."

"Home Produce"



Motto: "There's magic in that little word Due West."
President Virginia Galloway

"PRODUCTS"

Dr. R. L. Robinson

Miss Agnew
Lily Pruitt
Mae Putman
Grace Donnald
Julia Kennedy
Mildred Nance
Selma Watt
Ray Cason

Effie Thomason
Nannie Thomason
Anna Brice Baird
Virginia Reid
Miss Crockett
Jean McDill
Carry Donnald
Helen Moffatt

Sarah Carwile
Josie Nance
Lila Bonner
Alice Agnew
Nettie Thomason
Harriet Edwards
Florence McDaniel
Ruth Pratt

By-products—"Aunt Harriet"
"Aunt Anachie"





Y.W.C.A. Cabinet

OFFICERS

Lila Bonner	President
Ruth Boggs	Vice-President
Pearl Dale	Secretary
Lilla Templeton	Treasurer

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES

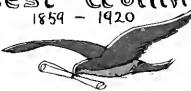
Pearl Dale	Devotional
Ruth Boggs	Membership
Wilmot Whitesides	World Fellowship
Susie Pruitt	Social Service
Rose Burns	Social
Mary Belle Hood	Music
Virginia Bryan	Morning Watch
Roberta Morris	Home
Grace Sheffield	Association News
Lilla Templeton	Finance

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Mrs. R. L. Robinson	Miss Clinkscales	Miss Agnew
Miss Sheffield	Miss Byrd	

Due West Woman's College

1859 - 1920



Students Who Have Gone to Foreign Fields

Returned

In Active Service

Decensed

Miss Annie Love -	Mex.	Miss Minnie Alexander - India	Mrs Mary G. Burgess - Egypt
Miss Esther Strong -	India	Miss Jeannette Alexander - India	Miss Martha Boyce - Mex.
Miss Jenny Geltz -	Mex.	Miss Louann Neal - Mex.	Miss Carrie Wallace - Mex.
Miss Anna Stone -	Mex.	Miss Katharine Dale - Mex.	Mrs Emma M. Hunter - Mex.
Miss Lillian McDavid -	Mex.	Miss Nancy Steverson - Mex.	Mrs Elsie R. Moore - Japan.
Mrs Rachel E. Pressly -	Mex.	Miss Mary Leslie - India	
		Mrs Lois Young - China	
		Mrs Florence Anderson - Korea	
		Miss Florence Nichols - China	
		Mrs Mary B. Anderson - India	
		Mrs Kate N. Hanson - India	
		Mrs. Georgia J. Gonzales - La Rioja	
		Miss Isabel Grier - China	

College Life and Y. W. C. A.



COLLEGE LIFE! What a wonderful life! The Young Woman's Christian Association sweetens and beautifies it all. One awakens in the morning with songs from the sweet singer of Israel floating through the halls. Soon many are gathered together for prayer and the day is begun with the "Sun of Righteousness." That upward morning look furnished by the Y. W. C. A. gives light for the day and music by which to march.

Many are the college girl's comrades, her classmates, the poet, the mathematician, the historian, the scientist, the musician, the artist—but the Y. W. C. A. deepens her acquaintance with the true Comrade, the One who binds all her loves and friendships into noble and lasting comradeship.

Life's callings and life plans are brought very close to the Woman's College girl. The Association is constantly holding up before her the joys and the rewards of a life of true service. Doors are opened wide and the white harvest fields, with their ripened grain are constantly beckoning to her. Splendid has been the response to these calls. Egypt, Korea, China, and Mexico have been made brighter and happier because of the service rendered.

All hail the glad day when the Young Woman's Christian Association found entrance into college halls! Through her, many a Woman's College girl, once timid and faltering in speech, has become a polished leader, has learned how to pray with and for others. Her Master has become her companion and she can speak to Him as friend to friend. Our Y. W. C. A. has taught many how to live and how to fill nobly their place in the world.

MRS. R. L. ROBINSON.

Tribute From Dr. Green



In the picture gallery of my mind hangs a photograph of the Morning Watchers in which the eye of faith sees a picture of rare beauty. They are matriculates in the college of God, sitting at the feet of the invisible but ever-present Teacher and Lord, loving and listening,—living, and learning to live, more abundantly. Like Mary of Bethany, they have chosen "the one thing needful, that good part, which shall not be taken away from them." In the atmosphere of the picture the believing beholder can detect the odor of precious ointment poured over the head of the Savior. Upon them descend and rest the Spirit of God and of Glory.

DR. J. B. GREEN.

“Out of Zion Cometh Perfection of Beauty”



T all times man has been striving for perfection, for beauty. History tells us of the struggles of man in the past to attain this perfection. The good that he saw in others he copied in order that he might be nearer the ideal of beauty of form, color and character. The Greeks, seeking perfection and beauty, erected magnificent temples for the abode of their gods. The religious festivals consisted of the song and dance by gaily dressed maidens, carrying garlands of flowers—all of which was a striving after beauty to propitiate the ill will of their gods. The wise old philosopher, the monks in their cells, the prince on his throne, the little child reaching out its hand for a flower, all strove for perfection of beauty.

There is the same desire of man today for beauty. The young girl blossoming in her youth wears her many colored ribbons and airy dresses that she may be beautiful. The home-keeper, busy about her household tasks, strives to make her home as near perfection as possible—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The poets today, in order to please the human heart, sing of faith, hope and love—the beauteous things. But the world will never be satisfied until it takes into its heart “the perfection that cometh out of Zion.”

He was perfect in His life, beautiful in His works on earth. He was the “Rose of Sharon,” and the “Lily of the Valley.” Even His enemies could find no fault in Him. In His daily walks with His fellowmen, He was always the “Good Shepherd” keeping watch over His flock. His friends proclaimed Him King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He was the “Prince of Peace,” the “Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world,” the one perfect man—the Son of God.

In His death and resurrection He attains the supreme height of beauty and perfection. Thus He is able to satisfy the deep passions of the human heart for beauty. Only as we strive to be more like Him, to surrender our all to Him, are we able to attain the perfection of beauty that satisfies. Being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him. He has promised us that “We shall be perfect, even as He is perfect.” “We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”

“He is our Hope, our Bright and Morning Star.”

LILA M. BONNER, '20.



Y.W.C.A. AT WORK.



BLUE RIDGE DELEGATES.



DES MOINES DELEGATES.



WORLD FELLOWSHIP CLASS.

Y. W. C. A. Calendar

Morning Watch is held each morning at 7:15.

Bible Study Classes are conducted each Sabbath by the members of the Faculty at 10:00 A. M.

The Cabinet meets Monday night of each week at 7:00 P. M.

Open Business Meetings are held once a month at Chapel hour.

A Y. W. C. A. Service is held each Sabbath afternoon at 6:00 P. M.

Recognition Service is on the second Sabbath of October.

Installation of New Officers takes place the fourth Sabbath in March.

World Fellowship Classes are held each Sabbath evening during January and February.

Annual Religious Services, from February 15-20, were conducted by Dr. J. B. Green of Greenwood, S. C.

Miss Margaret Jones, a nurses from India, will visit our Y. W. C. A. in April.

Delegates to Des Moines: Dr. R. L. Robinson and Miss Lillian Clinkseales, members of the Faculty, and Misses Lila Bonner and Susie Pruitt, members of the Cabinet, represented us at the International Student Volunteer Conference.

Delegates to Coker: Misses Pearl Dale, Grace Sheffield, Ruth Boggs, Roberta Morris, and Lois Glenn were sent to the State Student Volunteer Conference that convened at Coker College.

Delegates to Cleveland: Miss Virginia Bryan was sent in April as our representative to the National Y. W. C. A. Convention.

Blue Ridge: We expect to send a full delegation to Blue Ridge the first of June.



SHAKESPEARE SCENES

ATHLETICS

Athletics



COUNCIL

President	Rose Burns
Secretary and Treasurer	Roberta Morris

Athletics hold a very important place at W. C., and one which the girls enjoy to the utmost. Very few days pass when the courts, both basketball and tennis, are not full, with a waiting list on the side lines.

Our regular gymnasium classes, under the direction of Miss Hayes, have given each student an opportunity to develop mind and muscle in military dress, Swedish gymnastics, and outdoor games.

Each class has its basketball team, and interclass games have afforded interest for the school and the public, and have shown us the value and necessity for "team-work." Our varsity expects to win many laurels in the games which we are to play this spring.

Tennis, tho not stressed as much as basketball, is just as popular and in summer heat and winter cold our tennis devotees are on the courts. Our champions deserve much credit for their skill, endurance and tenacity of purpose.

Not the least interesting and beneficial have been our hiking trips. Only those girls who can "walk and not grow weary" are eligible to this club.

The Seniors are privileged to enjoy the Playground course, and many a day we see these quondam children playing "Little Miss Muffet" or "London Bridge" or tripping thru the measures of an Irish folk-dance, to the tune of their own laughter.

Our students are hale and hearty, and we are all agreed that this is due in no small measure to our Athletic Department.

Varsity Squad



Captain: Allie Rush

Shannon Walker
Margaret Westbrook
Martha Pressly
Grace Sheffield
Grace Cashion
Eula Mae Dillingham

Susie Cathcart
Feriba Stough
Roberta Morris
Allie Rush
Margaret Phillips
Katherine Pressly

Senior Basket Ball Team



Captain: Lila Bonner.

LINE-UP.

Rose Burns, Forward
Grace Sheffield, Forward
Martha Pressly, Jumping Center
Pearl Dale, Running Center

Lila Bonner, Guard
Sarah Patrick, Guard
Ruth Boggs, Substitute
Lilla Templeton, Substitute

Junior Basket Ball Team



Captain: Roberta Morris

LINE-UP.

Katherine Pressly, Forward
Roberta Morris, Forward
Shannon Walker, Jumping Center
Margaret Westbrook, Running Center

Essie Du Pre, Guard
Allie Rush, Guard
Lillian Quinn, Substitute
Henrietta Guyn, Substitute



Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Captain: Grace Cashion

LINE-UP.

Kittie Lee Steele, Forward
Williard Knight, Forward
Susie Cathcart, Jumping Center
Virginia Bryan, Running Center

Grace Cashion, Guard
Eula Mae Dillingham, Guard
Margaret Watson, Substitute
Lois Pressly, Substitute



Freshman Basket Ball Team

Captain: Lexine Davenport

LINE-UP.

Erin Reid, Forward
Margaret Phillips, Forward
Elizabeth Johnson, Jumping Center
Belle Dale, Running Center
Feriba Stough, Guard

Lexine Davenport, Guard
Jeanette Moore, Substitute
Eva Nelson, Substitute
Myrtis Rush, Substitute
Bertha Ashworth, Substitute

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Gymnastic Photographer

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Athletic Captain



Athletic Physician



Athletic Triumvirate.

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"Little Miss Muffett."



An Irish Folk-Dance.



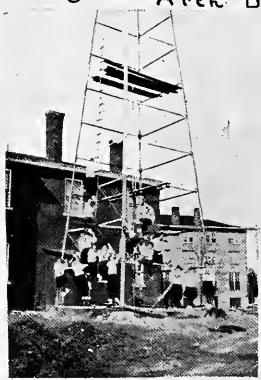
A Skater's Step

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Arch Ball Relay.



"At Ease."



"The Circus Rider."



Leap - Frog.

A



"Ten - shun!"

"GYM"



"Right knee — upward bend!"

C
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"Forward - Lunge!"



A Varsity Struggle



A Hiking Trip



First Aid to the Injured.



ONE
THREE
ARTS



EXPRESSION

As students of the art of expression, by means of the spoken word, we are seeking to become not merely good readers, pleasing entertainers, and able interpreters of modern thought, but to become as polished mirrors, truly reflecting God's Wisdom, Love, and Power.

Miss Dorothy Hayes, Instructor

ROLL

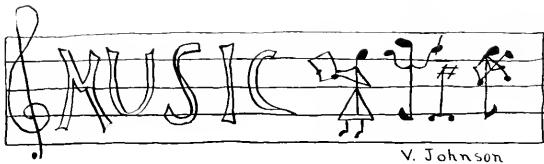
Fern Bell	Guthriesville, S. C.
Rose Burns	Richburg, S. C.
Stella Fowler	Due West, S. C.
Virginia Galloway	Due West, S. C.
Martha Lee Grier	Camden, Ala.
Josie Nance	Due West, S. C.
Martha Pressly	Greenwood, S. C.
Jean Reed	Atlanta, Ga.
Edith Todd	Due West, S. C.
Wilmot Whitesides	Gastonia, N. C.





"MINUET"





"When mortals lamented that sunlight was silent,
That language had limit, and passion had pall,
That color lacked sweetness, and perfume would perish,
The gods granted music, uniting them all."

"Music was the first sound heard in the creation, when the morning stars sang together. It was the first sound heard at the birth of Christ, when the angels sang together above the plains of Bethlehem. It is the universal language, which appeals to the universal heart of mankind."

No life is well rounded or complete without a knowledge and love of music. So our endeavor is to implant in each student a love and appreciation of all that is best and most beautiful in the works of the great composers of both the past and the present. The time has long since passed when music was regarded merely as a pastime. It has taken its place as one of the fine arts—and none of them offers a broader field for culture.

What is there in painting greater than Mozart's Requiem, Haydn's Creation or Gluck's operas? What is there in sculpture grander than Bach's Passion Music or Handel's Messiah? What is there in architecture that surpasses Beethoven's nine symphonies? What is there in Literature to equal Wagner's Music Dramas?

VOICE

Miss Helen Kelso, Instructor

ROLL

Catherine Asbill	Leesville, S. C.
Bertha Ashworth	Batesburg, S. C.
Ruth Bonner	Oak Hill, Ala.
Inez Blakely	Laurens, S. C.
Mrs. Carl Boyd	Weston, West Va.
Miss Louise Boyd	Weston, West Va.
Ivy Boyd	Fountain Inn, S. C.
Dora Byrd	Darlington, S. C.
Elizabeth Cathcart	Winnsboro, S. C.
Lexine Davenport	Horse Shoe, N. C.
Essie Du Pre	Bartow, Fla.
Virginia Galloway	Due West, S. C.
Howard Hill	Abbeville, S. C.
Mary Belle Hood	Matthews, N. C.
Mary Jarman	Covington, Ga.
Veola Johnson	York, S. C.
Mildred Ludwick	McCormick, S. C.
Betty Morrow	Gray, S. C.
Jeanette Moore	York, S. C.
Florie McGill	Hickory Grove, S. C.
Sara Plaxco	York, S. C.
Elizabeth Pressly	Troy, Tenn.
Lillian Quinn	Smyrna, S. C.
Virginia Reid	Due West, S. C.
Myrtis Rush	McIntosh, Fla.
Marie Stroud	Chester, S. C.
Shannon Walker	Louisville, Ky.
Ethel Warlick	Charlotte, N. C.
Kathleen Westbrook	Edgemore, S. C.



Glee Club



OFFICERS

Elizabeth Cathcart	President
Essie Du Pre	Vice-President
Elizabeth Pressly	Secretary and Treasurer

ROLL

Catherine Asbill	Carrie Ferguson	Lillian Quinn
Bertha Ashworth	Howard Hill	Willie Robinson
Inez Blakely	Mary Belle Hood	Virginia Reid
Gertrude Bowen	Veola Johnson	Allie Rush
Isabel Boyd	Mary Lane	Myrtis Rush
Ivy Boyd	Betty Morrow	Grace Sheffield
Dora Byrd	Margaret Phillips	Marie Stroud
Elizabeth Cathcart	Sara Plaxco	Shannon Walker
Belle Dale	Hennybee Powell	Ethel Warlick
Lexine Davenport	Elizabeth Pressly	Gladys Welborn
Eula Mae Dillingham	Lois Pressly	Kathleen Westbrook
Essie Du Pre	Mary Pressly	

PIANO

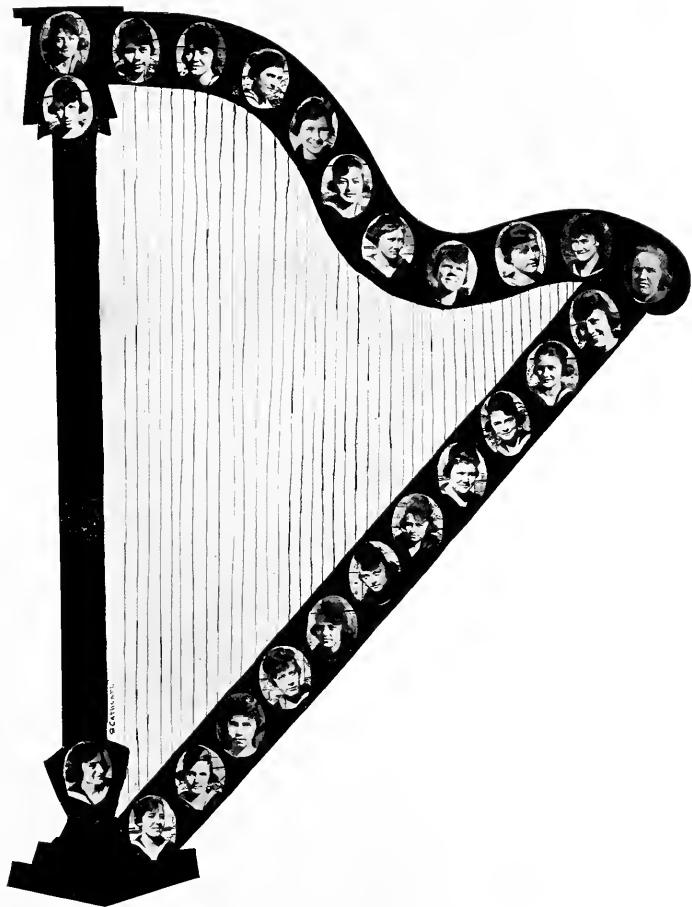


Miss Mary Carter Scott, Instructor

Piano, Theory, Harmony

ROLL

Anna Brice Baird	Hortense Nash
Virginia Bryan	Sarah Patrick
Elizabeth Cathcart	Hennybee Powell
Evelyn Dale	Margaret Phillips
Eula Mae Dillingham	Elizabeth Pressly
Lois Dowtin	Katherine Pressly
Harriet Edwards	Lois Pressly
Katherine Galloway	Mary Pressly
Jean McDill	Susie Pruitt
Roberta Morris	Erin Reid
Josie Nance	Grace Sheffield
Margaret Watson	



THE MUSICIAN



Miss Bess Crockett - Instructor

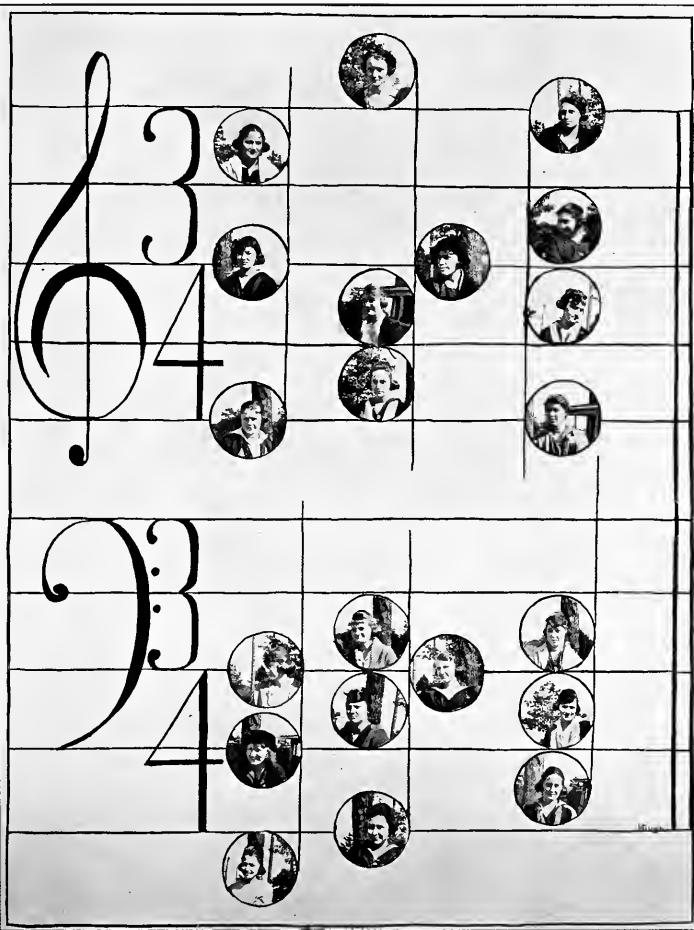
Alice Agnew	Addie Simpson
Jean Agnew	Elizabeth Johnson
Inez Blakley	Gladys Kennedy
Ruth Boggs	Nannie Killian
Ivy Boyd	Lucile Kirkpatrick
Janie Cannon	Eunice McCelvey
Helen Clarey	Johnnie Bell McGill
Belle Dale	Margarite McIlwaine
Jennie Elrod	Margarate Moore
Carrie Ferguson	Willie Robinson
Agnes Hagan	Myrtis Rush
Dorothy Hagan	Wessie Sturkey
Margaret Westbrook	



Miss Louise Boyd, Instructor

ROLL

Lillie Mae Banks	Newberry, S. C.
Fern Bell	Guthriesville, S. C.
Gertrude Bowen	Iva, S. C.
Isabel Boyd	Mt. Carmel, S. C.
Maxa Bradley	Gaston, N. C.
Fradonia Brown	Troutman, N. C.
Raymond Cason	Hodges, S. C.
Ethel Cheatham	Edgefield, S. C.
Virginia Cousar	Lancaster, S. C.
Essie Du Pre	Bartow, Fla.
Emmie Lou Edmunds	Edgefield, S. C.
Laura Hill	Nashville, Tenn.
Veola Johnson	York, S. C.
Leila Kennedy	Troy, S. C.
Elizabeth Mann	Brunswick, Ga.
Tinie Pruitt	Anderson, S. C.
Grace Reed	Atlanta, Ga.
Marie Stroud	Chester, S. C.
Effie Thomason	Greenville, S. C.
Shannon Walker	Louisville, Ky.
Gladys Welbourn	Statesville, N. C.
Vera Wheeler	Saluda, S. C.



Art



Miss Christine Jameson, Instructor

ROLL

Louise Barron	Fort Lawn, S. C.
Lila Bonner	Due West, S. C.
Susie Cathcart	Winnsboro, S. C.
Henrietta Guyn	Louisville, Ky.
Louise Jones	Camden, Ala.
Olanda McQueen	Dunedin, Fla.
Bertha Pressly	Due West, S. C.
Allie Rush	McIntosh, Fla.
Civilla Shannon	Blackstock, S. C.



LOCALS



An Applied Shakespearian Drama

PROLOGUE

Who is here so peevish that she cannot take a joke? If any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so rude that does not love her Arrow? If any, speak; for her have I offended. Who is here so ignoble that she cannot bear the truth spoken of her faults? If any, speak; for her have I offended.

* * * *

"These are my sallow days; I am green."—*Class of '23.*

"They'll take suggestions as a cat laps milk."—*The Annual Staff.*

"I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student."—*The Faculty.*

"Then they for sudden joy did weep."—*The Freshmen when they got a soiree.*

"I will be the pattern of all patience."—*Miss Sheffield and Miss Byrd.*

"Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature."—*Jennie R. Stephenson.*

"In any honest suit she's framed as fruitful as the free elements."—*Susie Pruitt.*

"Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; for wise men are grown foppish."—*Sophomores.*

"That you shall surely find him, Lead to the Sagittary (Campus)."—*Susie Cathcart.*

"He comes to bad intent."—*Faculty after light bell.*

"How much unlike my hopes and my deservings."—*Senior Privileges.*

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that."—*Lillian Quinn.*

"I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised."—*Mrs. Robinson.*

"You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock."—*Bessie Potts.*

"O excellent motion!"—*Miss Hayes' Gym Classes.*

"I would have had them writ more movingly."—*Our English Papers.*

"When I was sick you gave me bitter pills."—*Mrs. Robinson.*

"Alas, the way is wearisome and long."—*Sub-Fresh.*

"But in what habit will you go along?"—*Uniform, of course.*

"I will not hear thy vain excuse."—*The Faculty on class cuts.*

"When it stands well with him it stands well with her."—(and vice versa)—*Dr. and Mrs. Robinson.*

"I thank you for your music, gentlemen."—*A Serenade.*

"My tales of love were wont to weary you."—*Essie DuPre.*

"We have conversed and spent our hours together."—*Mattie Sue and Mary Belle.*

"Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit."—*G. Cashion.*

"The man that hath no music in himself."—*Lila Bonner.*

"What a wit-snapper you are!"—*D. E. Pressly.*

"If you tickle us do we not laugh?"—*Belle Dale and Margaret Phillips.*

"Defend me from these two!"— ? ?

"You will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English."—*Sub-Fresh English Class.*

"Silence is only commendable in a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible."
—*Roberta Morris.*

"Why, then you are in love."—*Helen Clary.*

"She speaks an infinite deal of nothing."—*G. Cashion.*

"Here are a few of the unpleasankest words that ever blotted paper."—"Flunk,"
Uniform, Caught, "Exam," Hash?

"He that is so generally at all times good."—*Dr. Robinson.*

"I fill a place, I know't."—*Grace Sheffield, Editor-in-Chief of The Arrow.*

"I am so full of business I cannot answer thee acutely."—*Ruth Boggs.*

"So that from point to point you have heard the fundamental reasons of this war."
—*Miss Byrd on History.*

"O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honor of his design."—*The Fresh
when they wanted their picture in the front of the Annual.*

"The worst fault you have is to be in love."—*Rose Burns.*

"I am he that is so love-shaked."—*Marie Stroud.*

"A lean cheek, which you have not."—*L. M. Banks.*

"I'faith his hair is of a good color."—*E. Cathcart.*

"Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing."—*M. McCord.*

"Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her?"—*How do so
many "cases" start at Soirees?*

"Do you not know that I am a woman? When I think I must speak."—*Virginia Galloway.*

"Some of them had more feet in them than the verses would bear."—*A great deal
of poetry handed in for the Annual.*

"A college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour."—*Mrs. Powell.*

"I would my horse had the speed of your tongue and so good a continuer."—
Catherine Pressly.

"And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds."—*Mrs. Robinson.*

"These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows, being black, put us in mind they
hide the fair."—*Our Uniform Hats.*

"Truly, I love none."—*Mattie Sue Witherspoon????*

"I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought
a good student."—*Shannon Walker.*

"I take pleasure in singing."—*M. B. Hood.*

"A finder out of occasions."—*Miss Clinkscales on duty.*

"So, fare you well, upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you."—
A midnight feast.

"An understanding simple and unschooled."—*The Sub-Fresh.*

"And happily I have arrived at the last unto the wished haven of my bliss."—
Seniors.

"And for I know she taketh most delight in music instruments and poetry."—
V. Reid.

"No profit grows where is no pleasure taken."—*Bertha Ashworth.*

"Virtue and that part of philosophy will I apply that treats of happiness."—*Sara Smith.*

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."—*Wilmot Whitesides*.

"He came too late."—*Miss Agnew*.

"To you I owe the most in money."—*Pressly Bros.*

"Be somewhat scantier of your maiden presence."—*Faculty's advice to Campus-loafers*.

"Our general's wife is now the general."—*Public Opinion*.

"You were crowned the nonpareil of beauty."—*Louise Barron*.

"If this were played upon the stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction."—*Some stories handed in for the Annual*.

"I live by the church."—*The Student Body*.

"A marvelous witty fellow."—*Emmy Lou Edmunds*.

"If you said so, then I said so."—*Pearl Dale to Miss Agnew*.

"I was born to speak all mirth and no matter."—*Martha Pressly*.

"And he sleeps by day more than the wild-cat."—*Louise Barron*.

"For she is wise, if I can judge of her;

 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;

 And true she is, as she hath proved herself;

 And therefore like herself, wise fair and true."

—*Miss Clinkscates, Senior Sponsor*.

"Ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear."—*The Sophomores*.

"You know your places well."—*The Fresh*.

"I shall in all my best obey you, madam."—*Seniors*.

"Thou shalt know more hereafter."—*The Fresh*.

"A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blush'd at herself."—*Eunice McCelvey*.

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness."—*Margaret Phillips, President of the Freshman Class*.

"For there was never yet fair woman but made mouths in a glass."—*Gladys Welborn*.

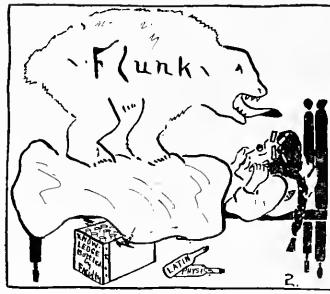
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EPILOGUE

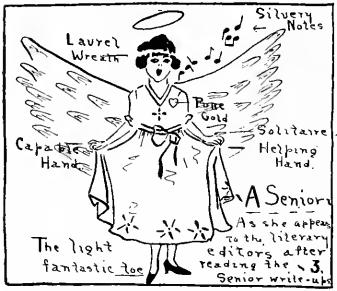
"Wonder not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for it. If you ask me why, it sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty."



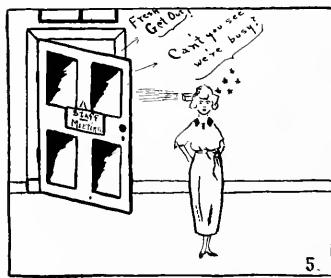
Pelican Proposal



2.



The light
fantastic toe



5.



Book Review

THE Editors of *The Arrow* take great pleasure in advising its patrons in regard to all modern publications. We print below a list of new books which have achieved great fame in the literary world in recent months. It is our opinion that they will be very beneficial to you.

"Successful Beating."—Go to midnight feasts and to your friends' rooms without a fast beating heart for fear of being caught. Bertha Ashworth will tell you how in her new book.

"How to be Slender."—Those of you who have superfluous flesh would greatly improve if you would reduce by Henrietta Guyn's new method. Follow the directions in her latest book on the subject and you will obtain the desired results.

"How to Play Tennis."—An indispensable book for those who would become proficient in the art of tennis playing. Its author, Margaret Dallas, is of great renown on the tennis court and her wide experience will mean sure success if once you read her book.

"The Cut System Explained."—On account of the stupidity of the students and the complexity of the cut system there has grown up a great demand for such a book. Accordingly a committee from the Faculty has endeavored to make it clear in their ten volumes on this subject. If all the Freshmen will buy the entire work and study it carefully, it is earnestly hoped that by their Senior year they will understand it fairly well.

"The Mouse Trap."—Maxa Bradley has prepared the book because of the success of her new methods of catching rats. In this method the only articles needed are a flashlight, mayonnaise bottle, zip-jug and a bowl of water. Read the book and save the expense of buying a trap.

The Bulletin Board

Wanted—Grace Cashion to keep her tin cans out of the way.

Eunice McCelvey.

Wanted—A drum and a few other toys for use in the library.

Mrs. Bonner.

Wanted—A sure cure for freckles.

Mattie Sue Witherspoon.

Wanted—More privileges.

Seniors.

Wanted—You to join the "Anti-Poochee League"; apply Room No. 35.

Wanted—A dozen baby rattlers.

The Sub-Fresh.

To Let—All the dishes for your midnight feasts.

Mrs. Powell.

To Let—A pony to *De Senectute*.

Miss Byrd.

Far Sale—The "Library Privilege."

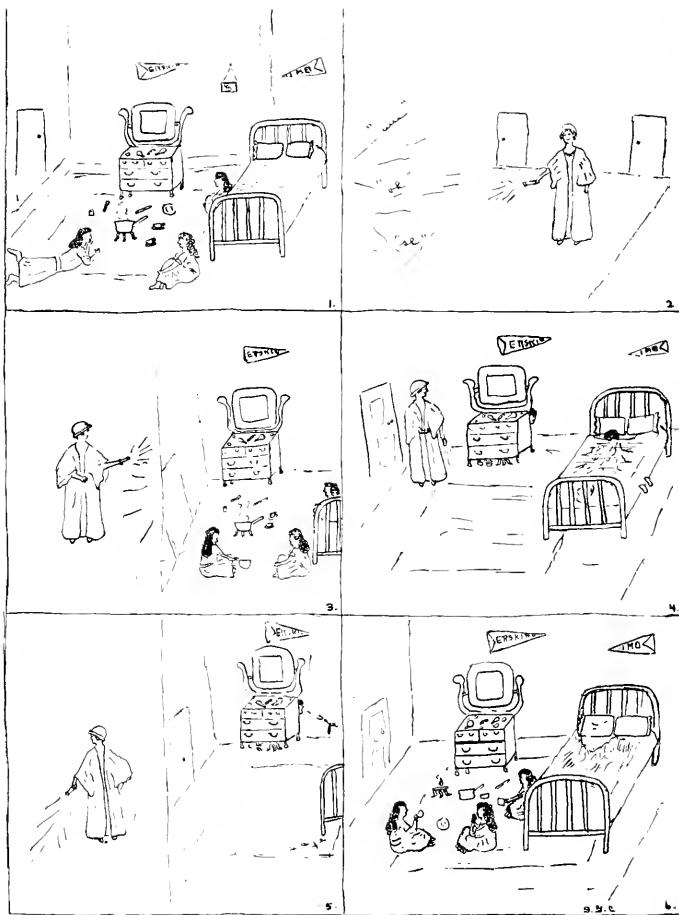
Seniors.

Wanted—A half-dozen brand new words of at least eight syllables.

Virginia Reid.

Wanted—The plumber to come at the right time.

Civilia and Henrietta.



Of sense the Faculty had a heap,
They always knew when you wished to beat;
'Twas in the unhappy long ago,
So now we give them the slip you know.

Examination Questions

In the light of the Book of Ruth, what questions do you think a young woman should consider when confronted by a proposal of marriage? Illustrate by your personal experiences.

Repeat from memory the following:

- (1) Bryant's "Thanatopsis."
- (2) Emerson's "The Problem."
- (3) Longfellow's "Evangeline."
- (4) Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter."

Write in French a two thousand word theme on the following subject: "A Description of Due West."

Parse every word from page thirty to thirty-five in Cicero's "De Senectute."

Solve: $x^2 + y^2 \left\{ \frac{\sqrt{m^2 + n^2 + y^2 + z^2}}{\sqrt{p+x}} \right\} - p + 3.$

Interpret the whole book of Revelation.

Give the third word on page 537 in Act III, Scene I, line 77, of Julius Caesar as given in Longman's Shakespeare and discuss it in full.

Faculty Opinion of Chapel News

"It was very good considering they were Freshmen."

"They must speak louder, I could not hear half that was said."

"I noticed several mispronunciations that I would advise them to look up."

"The young lady who told of the new law being passed will please look at the next day's paper and read the account of its being repealed."

"On the whole they were rather tragic."

"It seemed to me that the variety was not very good."

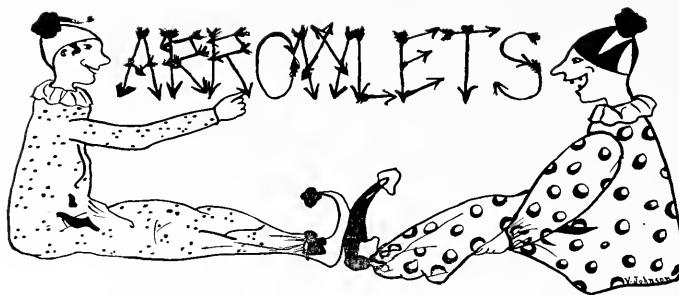
"The use of notes detracted very much from the news."

"I enjoyed the news."

"It was not up to the standard."

"Some of the young ladies did not seem very familiar with their news."

"They should go further with their news and not just hit the main points."



Lila Bonner (to Rose after getting home from prayer-meeting)—“Oh! I saw Leo, Cassiopea and Lyra tonight.”

Erin Reid—“Will they come to the ‘Fresh’ reception?”

Pearl Dale, in Astronomy class, gave the following formula for finding the mass

$$S + \text{Fee } (p) : s + \text{Fee } (p) :: \frac{A^3}{T^2} : \frac{A^3}{t^2}$$

Jean Reed (looking in a new mirror)—“Now isn’t that pretty.”

Ruth Pratt—“I am thoroughly disgusted. I cannot get Dr. Robinson to listen to reason.”

Mary Less—“Whom did you get to do the talking?”

Ruth Hayes (at the opening of school)—“Say, ‘Freshie,’ where are you from?”

Miss Jameson—“I may look Fresh but they call me Faculty.”

In Psychology class Dr. Robinson was discussing the relation between olfactory and gustatory sensations.

Allie Rush, very enthusiastically, “Oh! Dr. Robinson, if you would stop up your nose would you not get so hungry?”

Myrtis Rush (boosting her home state)—“Some of the oldest cities in the world are located in Florida.”

Veola Johnson—“Why didn’t you play that part Miss Hayes assigned you today? Because it called for an old maid’s make-up?”

Louise Barron—“No, I didn’t mind that, but I was insulted. She said she selected me because I looked natural.”

Gladys Welborn lost her make-up box and couldn’t go to the soiree. She hadn’t the face to do it.

Rose Burns—“I wonder why the Professor is so mad?”

Virginia Galloway—“I gave her an answer which was so good that she could not improve upon it.”

Miss Clinkscales (to Des Moines ticket agent)—“Does my ticket have to be validated?”

Ticket Agent—“When do you leave?”

Miss Clinkscales—“Sabbath.”

Ticket Agent—“When do you leave?”

Miss Clinkscales—“Sabbath Day!”

Ticket Agent—“Well, when do you leave????”

Miss Clinkscales—“Well, in plain terms, I leave Sunday.”

Miss Stoody (in cooking class)—“Miss Watson, how do you make the college hash?”

Margaret—“You don’t make it; it just accumulates.”

Why do Mattie Sue Witherspoon and Betty Morrah like “Bub-bles” so well?

Virginia Reid (in Education)—“I could not teach primary work because I could not adapt my vocabulary to the children.”

Miss Clinkscales—“How much is a guinea worth?”

Maxa Bradley—“About five dollars.”

Hortense Nash (thinking she was speaking of a guinea-pig)—“Oh, I have some at home I am going to sell if you can get that much for them.”

Miss Sheffield—“Belle, how did you draw that line?”

Belle—“I drew it from the center of the circle to the point of attraction (contact).”

Dr. Green was preaching a sermon on this subject: “Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.” He was giving several very striking examples to illustrate this fact when someone overheard the following remark:

Miss Kelso (whispering to Miss Boyd)—“Wonder why he doesn’t illustrate by a midnight feast?”

Marguerite Willis (Todd)—“I’ve confided the secret of our engagement to just three of my dearest friends, John.”

John—“Just three all told?”

Marguerite—“Yes, they all told.”

Ruth Boggs was contemplating buying a phonograph and accordingly went to a store in Anderson to examine some. A young man who was very attentive waited on her. Upon seeing that she was interested in a certain one, he said:

“Now the name of this phonograph is the Belvedere.”

Ruth answered with a haughty air and in icy tones: “And what is the price of the Belva?”

Ferne Bell—“Janette is surely a lucky girl. She gets a box of candy almost every day.”

Margaret Robinson—“How is that?”

Ferne—"Every time she thanks 'him' for the last box she reminds 'him' that her name is 'Moore.' "

Miss Clinkscales—"I want to see you make a B on English this next term."

Grace Cashion—"So do I. Let's pull together."

Ellen Hunnicutt (at the table)—"Elizabeth, for goodness sake pass the bread. You don't seem to care if no one else gets any."

A Friend (to Elizabeth)—"I suppose you feel yourself sat upon."

Elizabeth Mann—"Pshaw, what do I care? Why the last part of her name is 'cutt'."

Miss Byrd—"Did Caesar's disposition change much during his life?"

Elizabeth Johnson—"Well, he had more Gaul when he died than he did when he was born."

Miss Sheffield (in Astronomy)—"Does any one wish to ask any question before the class is dismissed?"

Lilla Templeton—"Yes. How did they discover the names of the stars?"

Pearl Dale (looking at a picture of the Colorado Canyon)—"I was always crazy to see this so I think I will go to Florida next winter."

Isabel Choate—"We have to give an oral talk in English tomorrow."

Martha Pressly (returning from being called down to see the classification committee)—"Those crazy teachers try to make me take everything. I guess they will want me to take the 'Flu' next."

Marie Stroud—"Mary Less, you know I just hate to think about leaving this place in June. I have fallen so desperately in love."

Mary Less—"Oh, that is a good joke for *The Arrow*."

Marie Stroud—"It's no joke; it's the truth."

"E"

The most unfortunate letter in the alphabet some say, is the letter E—because it is always out of luck, forever in distress (over Chemistry), never in a holiday, and in classes all the time. And, too, it is the beginning of English and the commencement of "exams."

That's all true. Still it is never in a uniform hat, always in evening dress and always in something to eat. Without it there would be no life, no heaven, no "Forbidden," no wickets and no soirees. It is the center of every enjoyable "event" and is always in love. It is the beginning of excitement and the end of college life.



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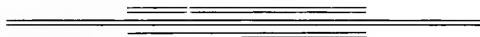
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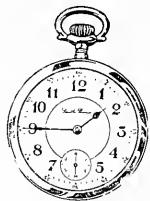
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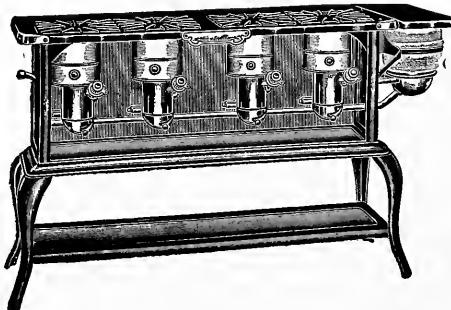
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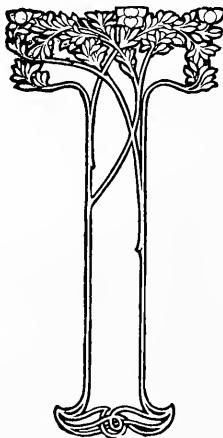
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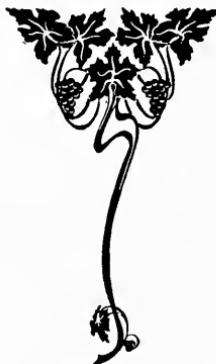
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